# Saturday Review

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JUNE 28, 1958 / 25¢

*Jonathan Daniels, author of "Prince of Carpetbaggers."*

## DIALOGUE IN WARSAW By Norman Cousins

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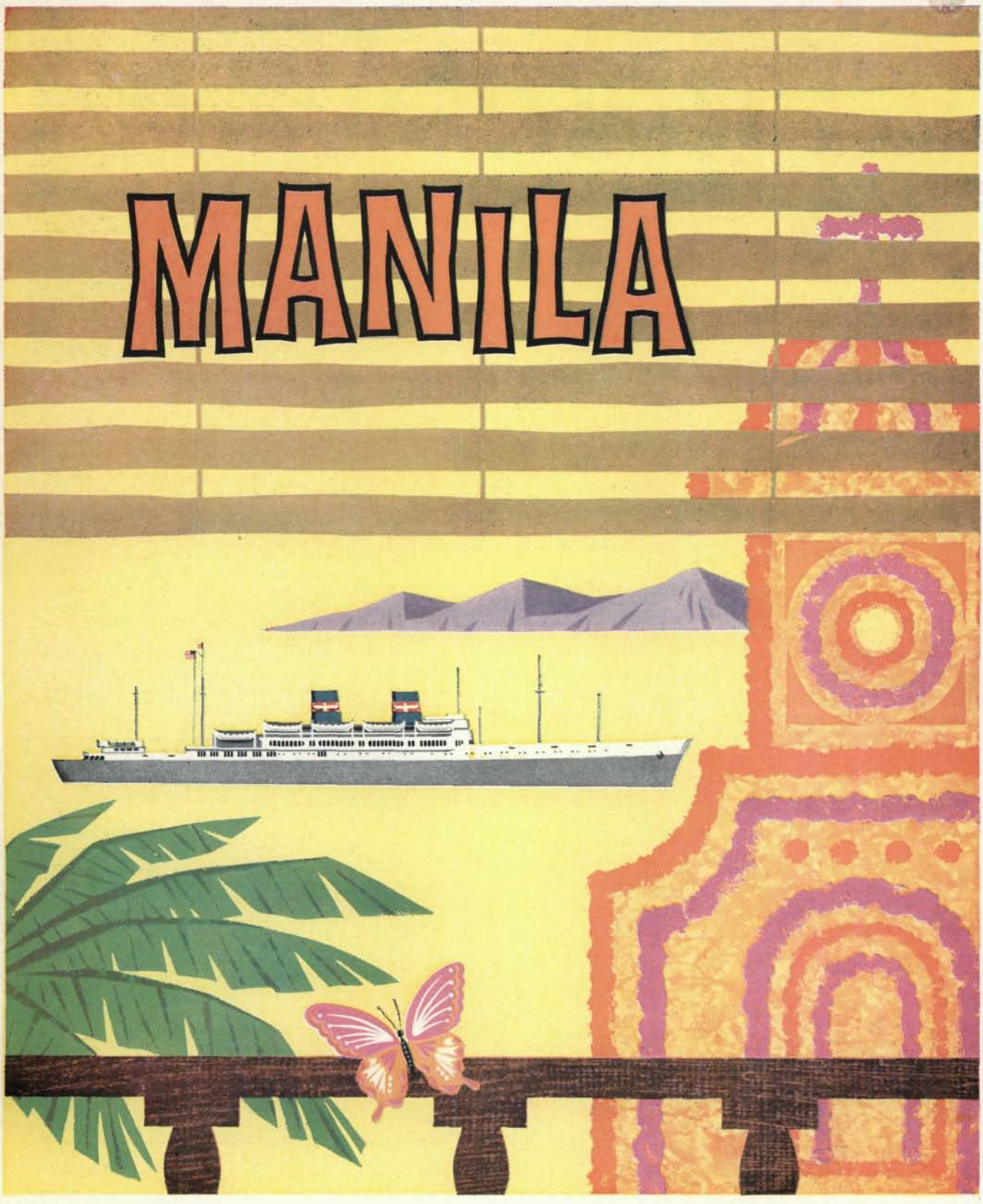


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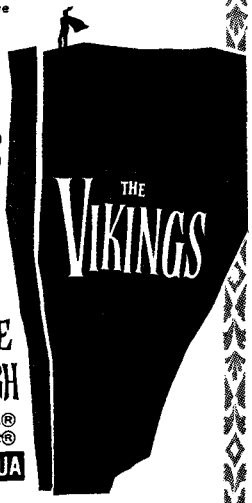


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*The Saturday Review*

JUNE 28, 1958

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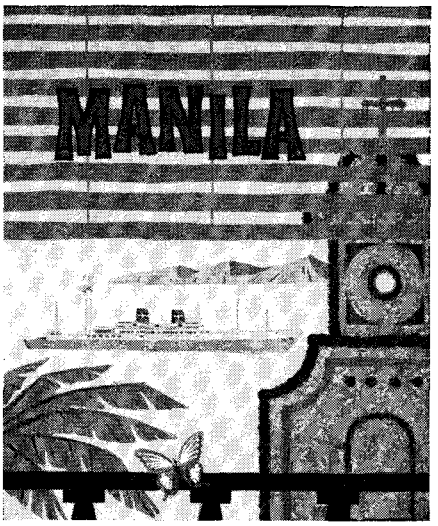


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# TRADE Winds

**BOONE'S RESTAURANT,** on the waterfront in Portland, Maine, not only serves delicious lobster. It also provides a mock menu for its clients which can startle any unsuspecting diner.

Offered in sober typeface, in realistic menu fashion, are: Assorted cuts, with iodine ($.80); Roast Maine Seagull enciente, overstuffed ($2.50); Rubber bands and meat ball, with tomato sauce ($.75); Fricassee of ado-

lescent wolf, with wild oats ($15.50); Young whale stuffed with new Buick ($3,500); Young whale stuffed with '37 Ford ($86, including license plate); Octopus au gratin with apple in mouth (for eight) ($400); Roast suckling pig, with bottle, nipple, and Simulac ($2.25); Sirloin snake, per foot ($.89); Crepe suzettes, with fire extinguisher ($2.50).

And in the ready-to-take-home department, the menu offers canned clam wings and dehydrated Sebago Lake water—just add water and serve.

**ANOTHER CREATIVE SHOPKEEPER** is Mr. Ben Frank, who runs a delightful shop called Corduroy Corner, near 55th and Lexington in Manhattan. We were attracted to his window by a simple and unassuming sign which read: "A business successful since 1948, because it is based on a belief in Brotherhood." Another sign read: "Brotherhood is everybody's business."

In addition, among the tasteful women's sportswear displayed in the window was a placard with a poem, a little short on meter but singularly sincere nonetheless. It reads:

It's strain everywhere—with no one to care
And a pace that is quite, quite neurotic.
It's a benzedrine here—and a Miltown there
Supposedly to ward off being psychotic.
Yet they managed to live in the days of yore
Without the blessings of everything synthetic
Life wasn't a bore—life wasn't a chore
Don't you think that era very pathetic?

WE DON'T

While we were unable to find Mr. Frank about, we did talk with his wife Marion, who feels along with her husband that there is not enough of this kind of philosophy in business. They are unashamed to state their feelings quite openly. "We like to deal with people who do not only have good taste and discernment," she said, "but who are also warm and tolerant and friendly. Through the poems and signs that Ben creates, we attract just this type. Ben has sometimes been accused of stating his belief in brotherhood simply as a business device. Nothing could be further from the truth. The signs reflect exactly what Ben and I feel very deeply, and if we can't do business in this way, we'd rather not do it."

**WE HAVE NEVER SEEN** in a single listing the names of those authors who might get confused at a cocktail party by the time the third martini got around. This list always starts with Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Anderson, C. S. Forester, E. M. Forster, C. S. Lewis, Lewis Mumford, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Lewis Taylor—the list goes on. Any other combinations to throw the inattentive dilettante for a loss?

**BILL WATTS** of the Western Union Telegraph Company reminds us that, although in a recent column we men-

tioned you could only get ten words for the minimum rate, all that is now changed. You now get five extra words on the cuff.

He writes:

The ten-word wire was laid to rest
A move that was considered best . . .
Now telegram writers can let themselves go
With their minds on words, and not on dough . . .

And concerning the same previous column, dealing with the opening


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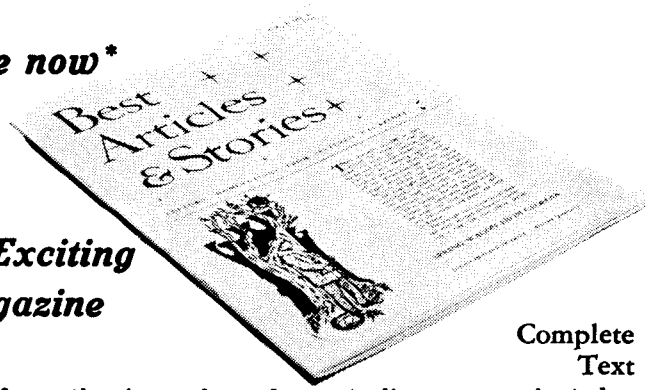


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sentences of best-selling novels, Mrs. Albert Merlis of Yonkers, New York, reminds us of the solidly-tested formula for just that problem. Three elements, goes the old saw, are vital to a best-seller: a) religion, b) royalty, and c) sex. Naturally, then, the classic opening sentence is: "My God," cried the Duchess, "take your hand off my knee!"

**WE HAD BARELY FINISHED** reading "The Decline of the American Male" (Random House) when we noticed that even a single day's newspaper was riddled with evidence of the awesome truth of this title. Women are rising

in power at a horrifying pace. On June 3, 1958, the press reports that a singer named Anita Wood stated flatly that "Elvis Presley sure needs a rest after that eight weeks of basic training." She didn't wait for him to say it. *She* took the initiative. From Paris, we learn that Mme. de Gaulle is incredibly shy, and that her loathing for publicity explains the General's curtness with the press. And a dispatch from Albany reveals that a full-scale revolt of wives has led to reduction in working hours of New York State Troopers.

**IS THERE NO SPOKESMAN** for the Other Side? Must the American male dwindle off into a state of innocuous desuetude, without a struggle?

To TV comedy writer Charley Slocum, of Merrick, Long Island, the whole desperate situation reminds him of an old but sharply appropriate joke: "I make all the major decisions in our house," a man told a friend. "I decide about De Gaulle, the state of the union, U. S. foreign policy—that sort of thing. My wife decides about all the petty stuff: where we spend the money, what house to buy, where the kids go to school."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1265)

VOTAW:
*(THE) HILLBILLIES INVADE CHICAGO*
(*Harper's*, February 1958)

In Chicago, they seem to be the American dream gone berserk.

"I've been in this business fifteen years," remarked the manager of a large apartment hotel, "but this is the first time I've had to carry a blackjack in the halls of my own building."

**On Campus** with Max Shulman

(*By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek."*)

## THE ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

Today in this age of technology when engineering graduates are wooed and courted by all of America's great industries, how do you account for the fact that Rimbaud Sigafoos, who finished at the very top of his class at M.I.T., turned down hundreds of attractive job offers to accept employment as a machinery wiper at the Acme Ice Company at a salary of $20 a week with a twelve-hour day, a seven-day week, and only fifteen minutes for lunch?

I know what you are thinking: "*Cherchez la femme!*" You are thinking that Mr. Acme, head of the Acme Ice Company, has a beautiful daughter with whom Rimbaud is madly in love and he took the job only to be near her.

Friends, you are wrong. It is true that Mr. Acme does have a daughter, a large, torpid lass named Clavdia who spends all her waking hours scooping marzipan out of a bucket and staring at a television set which has not worked in some years. Rimbaud has not the slightest interest in Clavdia; nor, indeed, does any other man, excepting possibly John Ringling North.

So how come Rimbaud keeps working for the Acme Ice Company? Can it be that they provide him with free Marlboro Cigarettes, and all day long he enjoys that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box?

No, friends, no. Rimbaud is not allowed to smoke on the job. When he finishes his long, miserable day, he has to buy his own Marlboros, even as you and I, to enjoy that estimable filter, that incomparable flavor, that crazy flip-top box.

Well, friends, you might as well give up because you'll never in a million years guess why Rimbaud works for the Acme Ice Company. The reason is simply this: Rimbaud is a seal!

He started as a performing seal in vaudeville. One night on the way to the Ed Sullivan show, he took the wrong subway. All night the poor mammal rode the B.M.T., seeking a helping hand. Finally a kindly brakeman named Ernest Thompson Sigafoos rescued the hapless Rimbaud.

He took Rimbaud home and raised him as his own, and Rimbaud, to show his appreciation, studied hard and got excellent marks and finished a distinguished academic career as valedictorian of M.I.T.

Rimbaud never complained to his kindly foster father, but through all those years of grammar school and high school and college, he darn near died of the heat! A seal, you must remember, is by nature a denizen of the Arctic, so you can imagine how poor Rimbaud must have suffered in subtropical New York and Boston, especially in those tight Ivy League suits.

"Engineering grads are wooed and courted..."

But today at the Acme Ice Company, Rimbaud has finally found a temperature to his liking. He is very happy and sends greetings to his many friends.

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* * *

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# What makes a newspaper great?

Most Americans complete their formal education at age 17 or 18. For the rest of their lives, they acquire the bulk of their new information and ideas from the "university at their doorstep"—the daily newspaper.

Like a university, a good newspaper needs a faculty of specialists learned in many fields—science, government, industrial relations, medicine, politics, education, religion, criminology, economics, to name a few.

One measure of the caliber of an educational institution is the outside recognition accorded its faculty. So, too, a newspaper.

Since January, 1958, some 15 national awards have been bestowed upon the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and members of their "faculty" by organizations whose purpose is to recognize outstanding achievements in varied fields of journalism. These include a Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting of corruption in labor unions which stimulated the recent congressional investigations; awards for excellence in reporting and commentary on medicine, foreign affairs, education, Washington news and minority problems, and awards for outstanding photographic reporting.

Newspapers do not print stories to win awards. The awards do, however, offer one good measure of the fact that, in fulfilling their obligations to report the news and inform their readers, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune have dug a little deeper, reported a little more skillfully and completely, worked a little harder to do worthwhile things for the community and nation.

Another meaningful measure of achievement is the acceptance these newspapers have earned in the area they serve. In the great 3⅓-state region called the Upper Midwest, the newspapers regularly received and read in the most homes are the

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## Some Recent Awards

**To:** CLARK MOLLENHOFF, of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and Des Moines Register and Tribune Washington Bureau, Pulitzer Prize for national reporting.

**To:** SCOTT LONG, Sigma Delta Chi award for editorial cartooning.

**To:** VICTOR COHN, Albert Lasker Award for medical reporting.

**To:** EARL SEUBERT, named "Newspaper Photographer of the Year" in the NPPA—Encyclopaedia Britannica—University of Missouri competition.

**To:** ROBERT HEWETT, National Headliners Club award for foreign reporting.

**To:** RICHARD P. KLEEMAN, Education Writers' Association award.

**To:** RICHARD L. WILSON, head of the Washington Bureau, special honorable mention, Raymond Clapper Memorial award competition.

**To:** GRAHAM HOVEY, Overseas Press Club of America citation for interpretation of foreign affairs.

**To:** THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE, Sigma Delta Chi award for public service.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 28, 1958

# DIALOGUE IN WARSAW

## *Report on the Ravensbrueck Lapins*

By NORMAN COUSINS

AS I start to write, I know my greatest difficulty will be to convince people that what is told here is not a glimpse into the bowels of an imaginary hell but part of our age and part of our world.

Yet I cannot blame anyone who resists the reality of what I have to say. The human mind is capable of prodigious feats of learning and invention; but it has difficulty in sustaining painful ideas. What follows is going to be painful to read; it was painful to write.

The Nuremberg Trials at the end of the Second World War dealt with a bewildering array of crimes. These crimes ran all the way from war guilt to the planned liquidation of whole populations. After a while, the sheer weight and repetition of the horror produced a certain monotony. The news tended to trail off. As a result, some of the evidence never fully registered on the public mind in the outside world.

The particular evidence that was responsible for my trip to Warsaw had to do with medical experimentation on human beings. Acting on specific authorization from their government, German doctors during the Second World War carried out various forms of medical and surgical tests on concentration camp victims. Most of the experiments were dangerous; all were performed without the consent of the victims.

In one set of experiments, attempts were made to transfer encephalitis from monkeys to human beings.

In another set, legs or shoulders were amputated to see whether it was possible to transplant them from one human being to another.

Some experiments were for the purpose of devising new ways for getting rid of political opponents through what was made to appear to be natural death. In these cases, the intended victim was exposed to virulent germs that would produce fatal diseases within a month or so.

Other experiments had to do with producing highly efficient forms of quick death. One such technique that was tried out successfully on a substantial number of human guinea pigs involved the injection of gasoline directly into the veins.

Still other experiments, carried out in the name of military necessity, were concerned with the effects of high-altitude exposure. In these tests, persons were put in decompression chambers and conditions were simulated to correspond to altitudes up to 69,000 feet. By cutting open the cranium and the heart of a test-person subjected to high altitudes, changes in the blood and brain could be observed. Between 180 and 200 victims were forced to submit themselves to the high-altitude experiments.

RELATED experiments, also conducted in the name of military necessity, had to do with the effects of human exposure to prolonged freezing. In these cases, the object was to see how low the human temperature could be made to drop. Victims were kept in freezing water. Temperatures as low as 79.5° in the stomach and 79.7° in the rectum were recorded electrically. The medical conclusion here was that once the body temperature dropped below 82.5° treatment was fruitless. Close to 300 persons were used for these experiments.

There were also experiments for testing new drugs. At the Ravensbrueck concentration camp, seventy-

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four Polish girls were used to test the power of sulfanilimide preparations in combatting serious infections of the type that might develop from unattended battle wounds.

For this purpose, the legs of the girls were cut open and the bones broken or shattered. Highly potent bacilli or gangrenous materials such as glass or dirt were sealed into the wounds. Then, after the girls developed raging fevers, the sulfanilimide drugs would be used for emergency control.

The Ravensbrueck girls were also used for experiments in muscle and bone transplantation.

WHY do I write about these events here? The Nuremberg trials and their grim documentation are well behind us; in fact, the medical experimentation happened fifteen years ago.

There is only one reason for writing about these episodes now. Some of the human guinea pigs are still alive and are still waiting to be helped. The world, in forgetting the horrors that were detailed at Nuremberg, has also forgotten the victims.

It is a mark of my own forgetfulness or ignorance or both that I did not know of the existence of this problem until very recently.

The gap in my knowledge was remedied as the result of a visit to the office of *The Saturday Review* by Miss Caroline Ferriday, an American who has concerned herself for some years with deportee problems. Miss Ferriday came to talk about the predicament of the Ravensbrueck Lapins. Ravensbrueck is the name of the German concentration camp. Lapins is the equivalent for guinea pigs.

Some months earlier, Miss Ferriday had met one of the Lapins, Mrs. Helena Piasecka, who had left Poland in 1946, and whose husband had died in a concentration camp. Mrs. Piasecka had the good fortune to be flown to France, where prompt surgical and medical treatment saved her life. Eventually she came to the United States and is now living in Cleveland.

Year after year, Mrs. Piasecka attempted to get help for the Lapins in Poland. More than anything else, she tried to institute the kind of action in the United Nations that would bring pressure to bear on Germany. Germany had accepted its responsibility to pay compensation and pensions to thousands of concentration camp victims. But the Ravensbrueck Lapins were overlooked.

After meeting Mrs. Piasecka, Caroline Ferriday went to work. She pursued every possibility. She attempted to obtain help on the diplomatic level. She sought the help of foundations.

Finally, she heard of the project that had brought twenty-five disfigured girls from Hiroshima to the United States for plastic and reconstructive surgery. It occurred to her that the same volunteer group might be reconstituted in behalf of the Ravensbrueck Lapins.

It was in this connection that she went to see Dr. William M. Hitzig, the medical consultant to the Hiroshima Maidens Project. Dr. Hitzig telephoned me about his meeting with Miss Ferriday, and arranged for her to come to the offices of *The Saturday Review*.

Caroline Ferriday spoke calmly but eloquently about the present needs of the Lapins, about the medical and surgical experiments that had crippled or enfeebled many of them, and about her hope that we might be able to act in their behalf. Perhaps we might even bring some of them to the United States for the kind of expert medical care that did so much for the Hiroshima girls.

As I listened to Caroline Ferriday, I experienced a personal problem in comprehension. The terms "surgical experimentation" and "test persons" were morally and mentally indigestible. Only after some reiteration did I begin to get down the import of what I was being told.

Inevitably, the question that came to mind was whether there was actual proof of the medical experimentation. After all, atrocity stories and wars invariably march together—not always on solid ground.

I told Caroline Ferriday we were eager to see any documented material that might be available as well as detailed information on the present condition and needs of the Polish ladies. She said she would deliver the necessary materials the next day.

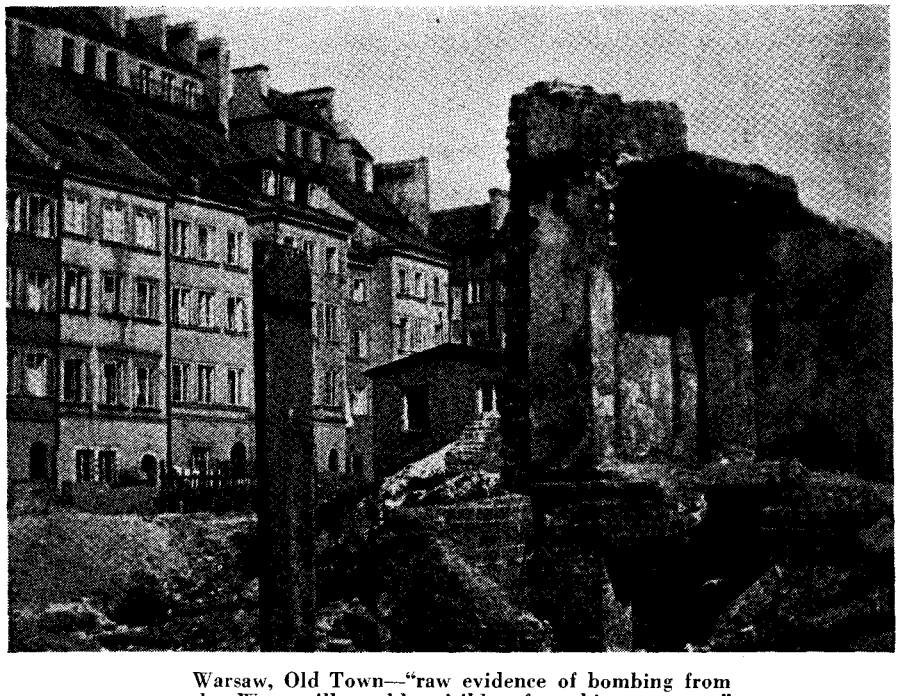
THAT night I went to my study and took down the books dealing with the Nuremberg Trials. I also went to my back files of current history periodicals covering the period. There were also some volumes issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace dealing with Axis rule in Occupied Europe.

It was all there. The trials had quickly established that large-scale medical experimentation had been carried out on human beings in 1942 and 1943. Nazi records, letters, and documents furnished all the proof that was necessary. The purpose of the trials was to identify the German doctors who initiated and participated in the experiments.

The Nazi doctors did not deny that these experiments took place, or that they were involved. What they sought to do was to disclaim personal responsibility, as well as to attempt to explain the circumstances under which they had acted. Their defense was that they were under orders from superiors.

The Nuremberg Trial concerned with medical experimentation ended on August 20, 1947. Several hundred doctors had been involved; only twenty-three had been brought to trial. Fifteen were found guilty. Of these, seven were hanged. Five received sentences of life imprisonment. Four received lighter prison sentences. Seven were acquitted and freed.

Going through these records, I came across detailed references to the experiments on young Polish



Warsaw, Old Town—"raw evidence of bombing from the War—still starkly visible after thirteen years."

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Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa—"we were told we were nothing but numbers."

women at the Ravensbrueck camp.

That night I didn't sleep too well.

The next day, Miss Ferriday returned to *The Saturday Review* and deposited a bundle of papers on my desk. These consisted of case histories of each of the fifty-three survivors. In reading through them, I saw that almost half the ladies were unmarried. Most of them had been in their teens or early twenties at the time of the experiments, and were now in early middle-age. Three of them were graduates of medical schools, two of dental school. Two were pharmacists. One held a chair of regional geography at a Polish university. Another was a teacher in grade school. Several of them were office workers. The majority of them were unable to work because of illness or debility.

In examining the medical records, it became apparent that the ordeal of the test surgery had left the women with a wide legacy of physical infirmities and diseases. Most of them now suffered from various forms of cardiac illnesses, of which chronic myocarditis was the most frequent. Osteomyelitis, pernicious anemia, hepatitis, tuberculosis, hypertension, cystitis, rheumatism, asthma, and a wide variety of reactive neuroses—these were the other medical burdens.

All this, of course, in addition to the handicap of legs from which muscles or sections of bone had been removed, making locomotion difficult and painful.

What I had seen in these records was enough to convince me that the small group of volunteers who had made it possible to provide help for some young ladies from Hiroshima ought to hear about the Ravensbrueck Lapins.

A full meeting of the Hiroshima Maidens group was called. The last time we had met was almost six months earlier—and then to hear the report of Dr. Sidney Kahn, one of the plastic surgeons attached to the project who had just returned from Hiroshima where he participated in further surgery work on atomic bomb sufferers. He had worked alongside several of his Japanese colleagues who had accompanied the Maidens to the United States and who had studied plastic and reconstructive surgery before returning to Japan.

As I spoke to the volunteer group, I could almost hear the echoes of what I had said several years earlier following a trip to Hiroshima, when I first described the needs of the Maidens. In fact, as I looked around the room, I could see a somewhat pained here-we-go-again expression on some of the faces of my friends. The story and indeed the language were much the same: a group of young ladies had come together because there was nowhere else to go; there was a need for adequate medical and surgical attention; many of the girls were hardship cases because their infirmities or illnesses prevented them from working; much help was needed—going far beyond medicine.

Miss Ferriday's papers were then passed from person to person. I watched my friends closely as they read the case histories and looked at the photographs. Ida Day, of the New York Friends Center, who had arranged for the home care of the Maidens, bit her lip when she saw the photographs of what remained of a human leg. Arnold Vaught, representing the Quakers on the administrative level, read the material through narrowed eyes. Dr. Arthur Barsky, chief surgeon to the Hiroshima project, shook his head slowly in pained disbelief as he examined the medical reports. Dr. Bernard Simon and Dr. Sidney Kahn were studious and deliberate in manner. Dr. Hitzig had already seen the material and, like me, was observing the others. Mrs. Jeanne Benenson, the project executive secretary, and Sallie Lou Parker, of *The Saturday Review*, were busy facilitating the movement of the papers but the impact of what was happening registered clearly on their faces. Donald Wilson, who contributed his legal services to the group, had incredulity written all over him. Paul Wagner, a foundation consultant to the project, looked as if he had just seen a truck hit a child.

The first question that came up was; why were these medical experiments conducted? What did the German doctors hope to learn that could not be obtained through other means?

Stanislawa Czajkowska-Bafia—"the wounds and the accounts are still open."

The answer, established by the Nuremburg Trials, was: nothing. Not a single cure or medical research fact of practical value had been gained by the experiments. They had been conducted without adequate controls; indeed, the theoretical basis of most of the tests had been pseudo-scientific. Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, American Medical Scientific Consultant at Nuremburg, had declared that "the greatest of all medical tragedies was further magnified by the fact that the experiments added nothing of significance to medical knowledge."

Then, Arnold Vaught asked whether the medical code did not transcend national aims or demands. Couldn't the German doctors have refused to engage in these experiments, standing on their obligations to their profession?

THIS, too, had been asked at the Nuremburg Trials. The record showed that some 200 German physicians participated directly in the experiments, and that some 300 more were aware of what was happening. Yet not a single one was willing to risk his neck to uphold medical ethics against the infamy of the state.

Dr. Simon pointed out that the physician's Hippocratic Oath never anticipated that the doctor might some day be called upon to use human beings as guinea pigs against their will. However, as a result of the actions of the Nazi doctors during the Second World War, the World Medical Association in 1948 enacted the first change in the 2,000-year-old Hippocratic Oath. Now the new doctor is called upon to swear that he "will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of its conception. Even under threat, I will not use my knowl-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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## A Shining Young Talent

By Granville Hicks

SHIRLEY ANN GRAU began her career impressively three years ago with a volume of short stories, "The Black Prince." Now, with **"The Hard Blue Sky"** (Knopf, $5), she leaves no doubt that she is one of our most talented younger writers. The novel also demonstrates even more conclusively than the stories that she is her own woman. Southerner though she is, she has no truck with Southern Gothic, and neither in the stories nor in the novel does one find echoes of William Faulkner or Eudora Welty or any other of the distinguished writers of the Southern revival. "The Hard Blue Sky," indeed, so far as it reminds me of anything, reminds me of some of George Washington Cable's stories, written in the 1880s. The resemblance is not strong, but Miss Grau has the tenacious hold on the observed fact of Cable at his early best.

"The Hard Blue Sky" is the story of a community of fishermen, of French and Spanish blood, living on an island in the Gulf of Mexico, "to the west of the three mouths of the Mississippi." Isle aux Chiens is the largest of three islands and one of the two that are inhabited. The community is held together by the fact that its men have a common way of life and by daily and intimate contacts. "You know everybody on this island," one of the characters says, "or you're blind, deaf, *and* dumb."

Life always goes on in the same way. The fishing boats go out and come back according to the seasons. Every Saturday night there is drinking and dancing at the Rendezvous. Every fourth Sunday the priest comes to say Mass. The oldest woman on the island, Mamere Terrebonne, can remember having done what the little girls are doing. Each year, when hurricanes threaten, the men take their boats up the bayou as far inland as possible while the women guard the homes. "They have been doing it that way for nearly 200 years, ever since there were sailing-ships in the harbor, part of Jean Lafitte's pirate fleet." There are motorboats now and radios, but not much has changed.

The life of the community in the summer months, as the hurricane season draws on, provides the novel with a firm framework, but within the framework it is essentially episodic. Many things happen in the community, but there are two incidents of major importance. At the outset a sloop puts in at the island because the owner's wife has a toothache, and Inky D'Alfonso, the crew, is left in charge. The *Pixie* remains at anchor during most of the period covered by the book, and Inky's boredom is a factor in his affair with young Annie Landry.

The other theme concerns the disappearance of Henry Livaudais, who starts off on what appears to be a hunting trip. When he fails to return after several days, his father and brothers begin an almost Homeric search for him, spurred on by the unrelenting mother. The search, which at one point involves a superstitious rite performed by an unwilling priest, goes on and on without result. At last it is learned that Henry has run away with a girl from the nearby island of Terre Haute, and presumably both of them have been lost in the marsh. Unreasonably blaming the people of Terre Haute for what has happened, Henry's younger brother starts a fire on the island, and there is a reprisal against Isle aux Chiens.

BOTH themes illustrate the way the community exists by and for itself. Although the people on Terre Haute are of different racial stock, one might expect the inhabitants of the two islands to be brought together by the isolation they share, but there is a tradition of hostility between them. Because Henry and his girl know how bitterly both families would oppose a match, they not only have to run away but have to take precautions against recapture that prove fatal. The hot-headed Pete Livaudais vents his wrath on the innocent people of Terre Haute, and an ancient grudge flares up again.

The story of Inky D'Alfonso is even more to the point. He is a man from the city, and he remains an outsider during all his stay on Isle aux Chiens. Although his affair with Annie is common knowledge, no one interferes; it is her business. But no one makes the smallest gesture of friendship towards him. Although the people of the island are intensely curious about his activities, as he realizes, they officially ignore his existence.

Because they are so completely committed to its way of life, persons born on the island rarely desire to leave it. Annie Landry is an exception, but even her desire is qualified. A restless sixteen, uneasy at home because of her father's remarriage, she is attracted to Inky, the outsider, and in the end she goes with him to the mainland, but she half wants to be persuaded to stay.

No one will speak the word she might like to hear, neither Perique, the boy who is in love with her, nor her father. The islanders are not merely inarticulate; their love of independence includes respect for the independence of others. Eddie Livaudais could not urge his son not to go hunting in the marsh, which is what he thought he was going to do. Al Landry cannot beg his daughter to give up Inky and stay on the island.

It is a book rich in incidents, many of them superbly told, and with a multiplicity of characters, all of them firmly drawn. But above all else we have the sense of the community, as it carries on its usual tasks, as it faces the various crises that are the book's themes, and as it braces itself for the annual ordeal of the hurricane season. Being in most ways a primitive community, Isle aux Chiens directly confronts the forces of nature, of which the hurricane is the most ominous. Talk of hurricanes dominates the book almost from the first page—"hurricane water swept right over this island too"—and by the end we know well enough what a hurricane means to the island. We know so well that Miss Grau concludes the book not with a description of the hurricane that impends through all the latter pages but simply at the moment of its arrival.

That such an ending satisfies the reader is evidence of Miss Grau's achievement. We know hurricanes and we know Isle aux Chiens, and we have no doubt that the community will survive as it always has. There is a telling incident: Hector Boudreau, a sturdy fisherman, remembers a hurricane when he was a boy and determines to take his wife and children with him; however, Cecile, who has seemed a flighty girl, knows her duty and insists on performing her traditional role. The effect this episode has bears witness to Miss Grau's knowledge of her people and to the literary skill that makes her a major figure among our younger writers.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

# The Greed After Gettysburg

—From the book.

General Milton S. Littlefield—". . . No one disputed [his] magnetism."

***"Prince of Carpetbaggers," by Jonathan Daniels*** *(Lippincott. 319 pp. $4.95), describes the nefarious career of General Milton S. Littlefield, who was one of the Southern Reconstruction era's greatest rascals. It is reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers, the author of "The Guns of Vicksburg" and other books about the Civil War.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

WITH the end of the war the Cotton Curtain parted and what the North called wisdom and light could now shine upon the South. In no small measure the late foe appeared primed for re-education, since at Appomattox, in Mr. Daniels's phrase, the denouement had come "like a clean wound ready for healing." Behind the scenes, however, the carpetbagger already operated, demonstrating that even a human vulture possesses a keen eye for a ripe carcass.

In dealing with Reconstruction one deals also, as Mr. Daniels points out at his own risk, with "the South's longest lasting need . . . to find another cause for its plight than its own folly." For neither Negro legislators nor unprincipled Yankees were quite enough to produce an arch rascal like Milton S. Littlefield, prince of carpetbaggers. Greed knows no geographical boundaries, and Southern whites were happy to sit in on Littlefield's well-rigged game as long as the blue chips piled higher.

In the North Carolina of Mr. Daniels's boyhood, Littlefield and perfidy were synonymous. Yet Mr. Daniels, a great journalist born and raised, wondered about this folktale. In recent years he has dug hard for the facts about Littlefield, and the result is as good a book about the Civil War and its aftermath as we are likely to see for the next fifty years. Not that the quest hasn't led Mr. Daniels down some rather tricky byways of history. He is obsessed, for example, with the "legend" of Lincoln without explaining that there are two—one belonging to the South and one to the remainder of the nation. It is to the Southern legend that Mr. Daniels naturally succumbs, leaving him the great pleasure of the real Lincoln still to discover.

Littlefield, who drifted into Illinois from New York via Michigan, was one of the Republican Wide Awakes who delivered Menard County to Lincoln. His brother, John Littlefield, read law in the office of Lincoln & Herndon. Spurred by the affair at Sumter, which some still believe was little more than good, clean boyish fun, Milton rushed off like many a Wide Awake to lick the tar out of the slavocrats. He was at Shiloh, at Memphis with Grant and the cotton speculators, with Sherman in various pursuits, and lord over Charleston when the unhappy climax arrived. Like the rubbish on poor old Calhoun's grave, no one could mistake him. He was on the spot when the opportunity was hot, whether as one of Lincoln's "military protégés" or through sheer Yankee luck.

The open facts of Littlefield's career from 1865 to 1869, which are the core of this book, fall into three phases. In the first he was an advocate of the sort of bustling, perhaps all-Negro metropolis (such as Hilton Head then promised to become) that might very well dominate the new South. A respite afterward in Philadelphia, where his timber and oil ventures aroused the unkind suspicions, gave Littlefield the time and experience to think out another approach to the new South. This time he returned, affable and persuasive, to demonstrate on a grand scale the larcenous art of bond speculation.

Railroads (or rather, plans for railroads) were Littlefield's principal stock in trade, but this imaginative fellow also managed to own a newspaper, hold the contract as state printer for North Carolina, and have a finger in such real-estate operations as unloading worthless land at a

**THE AUTHOR** of "A Southerner Looks at the South" and "A Southerner Looks at New England," Jonathan Daniels has now written "Prince of Carpetbaggers," in which a Southerner looks at a Yankee in the South. Daniels is no ordinary Southerner. He has made a national reputation as an optimistic, free-swinging, liberal Democrat, as distinguished from other varieties. As editor of the *Raleigh News & Observer*, Daniels belongs with Harry Ashmore and Hodding Carter. "My paper," Daniels said this week, "is the last of the frankly partisan newspapers in the United States." It's Democratic with a big D. Today the matinal *News* sells 128,000 copies, and as Raleigh has 65,000 people, that gives it the largest circulation per capita of any daily in the country.

Daniels inherited not only his newspaper but his sanguine liberal Democratic convictions from his father, Josephus Daniels, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy and onetime Ambassador to Mexico. "It was natural," Daniels said, "for me to join FDR's forces; under my father the *News* was New Deal before the New Deal." Daniels, after a variety of administrative jobs, became FDR's indefatigable press secretary. Afterwards, he worked for President Truman; as Democratic National Committeeman from North Carolina, he predicted HST's victory and was an enthusiastic caravaneer on both Truman and Stevenson bandwagons. From long association came Daniels's "The Man of Independence," a warmly appreciative account of "Give 'Em Hell Harricum's" fiery spirit.

Since 1952, the year of the Other Party, Daniels has stuck pretty close to his editorial guns, firing salvos and promising an exile's return. "I haven't been to Washington much lately," he admitted. "But after 1960 I expect to be around more often. We Democrats may have a little trouble choosing our man, but when we do, he'll elect himself!" —ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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princely sum for the site of a new penitentiary. In teaching the South the fuller life to be gained through right-minded Republicanism, Littlefield's newspaper missed no trick in the first campaign for Grant. "Go after the women," exhorted his Raleigh *Standard*, and "don't hesitate to throw your arms around their necks now and then, when their husbands are not around." Littlefield, never reluctant to take a profit where he could find it, told his canvasser: "You will have them in your arms, if not in your party, in less than a week."

Male eyes as well as female followed Littlefield along the street. No one disputed the magnetism of this carpetbagging Yankee—least of all George Swepson, the banker who believed that he should do unto God on Sunday and do everyone else during the remainder of the week; or Governor Holden, who was hoodwinked into an impeachment by Littlefield. Whereas North Carolina knew him best, nearby Florida was not slighted. Funds—other people's, not Littlefield's—were juggled across state borders, and his enemies in North Carolina charged that Littlefield had "the legislature in his pocket" along with control over state bonds worth $7,000,000.

Whiskey and graft were powerful weapons, and Littlefield and his crowd knew how to employ both. No Gould or Fisk had anything to teach the versatile Littlefield about parlaying speculative public properties (with help from the South, Wall Street, and Washington) until that Black Friday in September, 1869, when the walls came tumbling down. Then what the rest of the country called panic the South called Reconstruction, not without some measure of bitter experience by which to judge. Swepson quickly faded from the scene to meditate the past before he went to rest beneath a memorial that announced he was "Trusting in Jesus for Salvation." Littlefield brazened out the disaster longer than most, and, even as a bare-faced swindler in the cause of freedom and Grant, deserved better than the unmarked grave in upstate New York where he has so long rested.

But now Jonathan Daniels has exhumed the villain who made carpetbagging a career, and has examined the evidence concerning him with sympathy and even kindness. His labors have been singularly worthwhile, for fascinating as a narrative, revealing as an historical document, and good humored in its search for human values, "Prince of Carpetbaggers" sets the pace for the style of original, stimulating book these tragically epic years deserve.

# Close-up of a Dictatorship

***"Trujillo: Little Caesar of the Caribbean," by German E. Ornes*** *(Nelson. 338 pp. $5), is a report on the "benefactor" of the Dominican Republic, by a former favored citizen and erstwhile editor of* El Caribe. *Carleton Beals, who reviews the book, is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Latin America" and other books.*

By Carleton Beals

"DOMINICANS are a sick people," author Ornes begins. As he points out and documents, the two sides of the coin are red terror, overt and concealed, and abject adulation. Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo no longer needs to turn his "La 42" thugs loose upon editors and newspapers. He owns them now. These days people disappear, or hang themselves in prison cells, or die in queer auto accidents. No one stands before the Benefactor of the Fatherland in full human stature. By orders of the Trujillo (Dominican) Party, the only one, each citizen must place his hat over his heart and bow his head.

German E. Ornes, a very favored citizen, might still be holding his hat over his heart, except for an ironic circumstance. October 27, 1955, *El Caribe*, which he had edited since 1948, a journal founded by the dictator to make a false pretense of opposition (not long maintained) printed a picture of schoolchildren laying flowers before one of the 1,800 busts of Trujillo. (A special company profits by making them, for woe betide any citizen who does not have at least a picture of the dictator in his home.) Some copy-desk man, perhaps with a secret wish-complex, inadvertently labeled the bust "the tomb of the Benefactor." Ornes and his wife left the country the next day.

He gave up also his directorship in the government-controlled Reserve Bank and the vice presidency of the Development Commission, handling public works which have contributed so much to the half-billion-dollar fortune of the onetime barefoot boy and Marine police spy, who has risen to be a generalissimo and admiral and is hailed in the press as a George Washington, Lincoln, Bolívar, Pericles, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Bismark, Peter the Great, even Jesus Christ. Electric signs on the avenues read "God and Trujillo." One of Ornes's best chapters—and he knows first hand—deals with the manner in which the country was looted by Trujillo, his present third wife (long his girl-friend and army laundress), brothers, uncles, cousins, nephews, and in-laws. There are seven Trujillo generals and nearly every relative holds an army commission. His oldest son, "Ramfis," became a colonel at the age of four, a general at the age of eight.

Before Ornes left the country, he got to see the "International Fair of Peace and Brotherhood in the Free World," celebrating Trujillo's twenty-fifth year of dictatorship. It cost nearly half the year's budget. His daughter Angelita was crowned Queen. "Her Majesty" (no one who wished to live addressed her otherwise) was crowned with a diamond-studded tiara, wore an $80,000 Italian gown, and carried a heavily bejeweled scepter. On his vast sugar estates (Dominicans, Americans, and Canadians have been squeezed out) he pays peons $1 a day for a few months a year or uses government-paid soldiers.

Ornes's house was searched by soldiers, who took even the keys of the city with which he had been honored. Vituperation was launched upon him by newspapers and by radio and television, owned by Honorary General "Petán" Trujillo, the dictator's brother. Soon his father, a distinguished retired professor, was sent to prison for two years as a drug addict. (He was too elderly for the customary smear charges of rape of a minor or homosexuality.) Previously Ornes's brother had been sentenced to thirty years but was released ten days later so he could tell foreign diplomats then investigating Trujillo's misdeeds about the benignancy of the dictator. Earlier Ornes's sister had been kicked out of the university, and he himself had spent a brief period in jail (1946) while managing editor of *La Opinión*, the last private paper soon to be destroyed. He was dusted off to take charge of *El Caribe*, and in 1949 was received back in Trujillo City from the Mexico City International Press Conference with great ovations because of his spirited defense against attacks on the lack of freedom of the Dominican press.

A book in Spanish attacking Ornes was put out, and to offset this present volume a sugar-sweet white-wash

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biography of Trujillo has been hurriedly issued by Vantage Press. But Ornes's book is not his personal story. Here he has thrown off all shackles to write what few other men could, a full-scale probing into the intimate doings of the twenty-eight years of dictatorship. Here is the Orwell nightmare in operation, worse than anything Machiavelli ever imagined, a sensational story, told with a minimum of sensationalism, journalistic yet with scholarly and eye-witness authority. It is readable and exciting from beginning to end.

Albert C. Hicks's "Blood in the Streets" was an excellent if lurid account of atrocities. Unfortunately, the "Era of Trujillo" by Doctor Jesús de Galíndez, Columbia University instructor, was blocked by his mysterious disappearance and probable kidnapping. But a Ms. copy was smuggled out to Chile and published in Spanish in numerous editions that have circulated throughout the continent and probably aggravated Vice President Nixon's difficulties, for our Government showers the dictator and his henchmen with decorations, money, and arms. It is a rather dull academic account, but very detailed, very thorough, and utterly devastating, without a single superlative. Ornes's book will also be useful in checking up on some of the characters on whom Morris Ernst, as an agent of the Dominican regime, has relied for evidence in his investigation which absolved the government of responsibility for Galíndez's disappearance. In spite of Mr. Ernst's clearance, we greatly fear the Latin-American dictator did not get his $100,000 worth.

WE HOPE that Ornes will soon publish his promised second volume about Dominican machinations in the United States—not merely about the prominent enemies of the regime assassinated on American soil with such impunity, but the newsmen and newspapers, the Madison Avenue fancy boys, the police, judges, the ex-FBI men, the agents—all those ready to make a quick dollar off the ruler who slaughtered more than 8,000 Haitians, the most monstrous genocide until Himmler's day. Perhaps, too, he will enlighten us about our Senators who lavishly praise Trujillo and thus free them from suspicions that have persisted ever since Senator Ham Fish took at least $50,000 from the dictator.

Ornes's book amply proves that the fight for a free world could well begin in the Dominican Republic as well as in Hungary. It will cause plenty of soul-searching. The next volume may bring the stink-bombs even closer to home.

# Confidant of Providence

***"Victory: The Life of Lord Nelson," by Oliver Warner*** *(Little, Brown. 393 pp. $6.50), is a biographical study of the heroic admiral of the British fleet. Walter Magnes Teller, our reviewer, frequently writes about the sea and sailing men.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

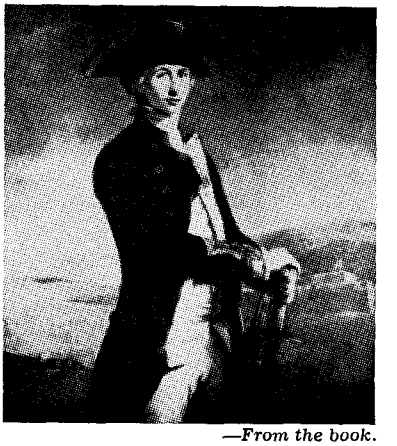
THERE is always room for another book on a subject no matter how many have appeared before, provided its author has new things to say and knows how to say them. In view of the hundreds of thousands of words already written about Horatio Nelson (1758-1805) some justification is required for adding more. Yet where Southey was graceful, Mahan original, and Carola Oman able to draw on new sources, Oliver Warner offers little beyond affectionate admiration for this man, enthusiasm for the past, and, apparently, an urge to honor the two hundredth anniversary of Nelson's birth.

In fact, the Warner biography is confusing, pretentious, badly written, and—yes—tremendously interesting, for Nelson is irresistible. Any book which reprocesses Nelson's seven published volumes of letters and dispatches, such first-hand accounts as William Beatty's "Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson," and the published letters of Nelson to Lady Hamilton, his inamorata and mother of his daughter, is bound to partake of the subject's inherent fascination.

Family, poverty, and religion were among the early influences. Nelson was the sixth of eleven children. His father was a clergyman. His mother, who died when he was nine, was related to the Walpoles. On his maternal side Horatio inherited useful connections. When he was twelve he became the pupil of a naval officer uncle. It

**Lady Emma Hamilton, who survived Lord Nelson by more than nine years, dying in 1815, a few months before Waterloo. At her deathbed was their daughter, Horatia.**

**Lady Nelson in 1797—Within a few weeks of meeting her, Captain Nelson proposed.**



*—From the book.*

**Rigaud's portrait of Nelson as a captain in 1781, a rank he achieved when he was barely twenty.**

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was not so much love of the sailor's life as the prospect of making a fortune which took his youthful fancy. In the Royal Navy of that day officers shared in the loot of captured enemy merchantmen.

The boy Nelson made voyages to the West Indies, the Arctic, and the East Indies, till at age seventeen he was sent home, ailing. On the return passage from Bombay, which took six months, he fell into a state which he called depression. But then one day, so he wrote, "a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and my country as my patron. . . . I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger.'" In later years Nelson spoke of the "radiant orb" which from that time hung always before him and "urged him to renown." He attained the rank of captain when he was barely twenty. War broke out soon after. Thereafter, till the end came in battle off Cape Trafalgar, Nelson, except for a few brief periods, knew only active service.

A smallish man, less than five feet six inches tall, Nelson had enormous capacity for work, and extraordinary resistance to fatigue. His energetic mind, Warner informs us, allowed him very little time for sleep. He personified zeal and sense of duty—key words with Nelson—and he had the power to fire others with these qualities. He actually became the hero of his dream, won almost all the money and honors he conceived of—certainly all the ribbons and hardware.

EVEN in heroism, however, style changes with the times. Today's really meaningful life of Nelson would have to take into account the psychological insights gained in the past fifty to sixty years. Long-accepted evaluations would have to be tested against the newer techniques. Nelson was a man who saw visions, perhaps heard voices. He was a danger-seeker, was four times seriously wounded. Since he tended to alternate between elation and gloom, he has been described as mercurial, but that is an old-fashioned word.

Among psychological approaches, analysis of handwriting might have been especially fruitful. When he was thirty-nine Nelson lost his right arm in an action at Tenerife. A few days later he began to write with his left and became, in time, an accomplished left-hander. Warner did well to include five Nelson signatures penned at various ages, two right-handed, three left-handed. Their changing expression must be revealing to every sensitive observer. It was too bad, though, not to make full use of the evidence of the handwriting

**RECAMIER AND DE STAEL:** Writing a dual biography of Mmes. de Staël and Récamier, whose friendship was sometimes spoken about in the salons of the Consulate and First Empire as "the alliance of mind and beauty," was an intriguing idea. Also the author of **"The Passionate Exiles"** (translated by Malcolm Barnes; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.75) has had access to a number of private papers written by these two and their friends which have not heretofore been published. It is disappointing to have to report that the present work falls short.

The difficulty seems to be that Maurice Levaillant has permitted himself to be flummoxed by both his subjects, de Staël in particular. He gives but passing notice to the beautiful Juliette Récamier, young wife of a middle-aged banker who is chiefly remembered for her pose of sensuous languor in the Gérard portrait. It is Germaine de Staël who interests him, and it is in his bland acceptance of the legend which Necker's gifted daughter constructed about herself that the author's principal failure can be found. He has presented fresh material but no fresh insights, and readers not already privy to the nuances behind the legend may suffer feelings akin to the uneasiness in hearing a person whose words, examples, and gestures are totally inappropriate to the impression he is trying to convey.

It was remarked by Galen that "those who aim at *seeming* rather than *being* are in the majority." Germaine de Staël's tragedy lies precisely here. Only toward the end of her life did she begin to sense that her major choices had been wrong ones. Her present biographer sets down, but without understanding, her confession of becoming conscious "of superior powers within me which have not yet been developed." Alas, there had not been time to develop them—she had been too busy impressing people.

Robbed of their pertinency by time, her novels "Corinne" and "Delphine," and even "On Germany," are almost unreadable today. The heroine and title character of "Corinne" is a bold idealization of its author. When she started the novel, she was glorifying a sensual relationship between herself and a young Portuguese noble; during the writing she fell out of love with him and in love with the son of Napoleon's prefect at Geneva. On publication day her thoughts were all for her lover's reactions. The astute reader will recognize in all of this an ineradicable amateurishness.

Because more adroit, her techniques at legend-building deserve closer study than her writings, and

—*From the book.*

Mmes. Germaine de Staël (top) and Juliette Récamier—"Mme. de Staël's relationships with her lovers, her children . . . even with [Mme. Récamier were] . . . of one who [had] chosen to seem rather than to be'."

her relationships with Bonaparte provide a graphic example. How it all began M. Levaillant has suppressed in his story, possibly on grounds that this portion of the Bonaparte material is too well known to deserve repeating in a work whose chief claim to attention is its use of excerpts previously unpublished.

Mme. de Staël's relationships with her lovers, her children, her friends, and even with her fellow-subject in the dual biography—all are shrill, overblown, essentially meaningless, the posturings of one who has chosen "to seem" rather than "to be." Bonaparte said, when he examined "Corinne" by the light of a campfire, "This is rubbish. This woman does not know what love is." What is new and interesting in M. Levaillant's work goes a long way to prove the Emperor was right. —WILLA GIBBS.

**EAGLE COLUMNIST:** Out of a basketful of newspaper editorials, out of letters to his family, and the memories of innumerable friends, David Bradley has stitched together **"Journey of a Johnny-Come-Lately"** (Dartmouth

(*Continued on page* 30)

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# The Incomparable Expedition

***"Tale of Valor," by Vardis Fisher*** *(Doubleday. 456 pp. $4.95), is a fictional account of the hazardous trek led by Lewis and Clark across the virgin continent. Our reviewer is Richard L. Neuberger, junior U.S. Senator from Oregon and the author of "Lewis and Clark Expedition."*

By Richard L. Neuberger

MY friend Bernard De Voto once told me that, if he could have been reincarnated at any period in history, his choice would have been easy. He would have chosen to go along with Lewis and Clark on that original journey across what is now the United States.

To De Voto, as to President Theodore Roosevelt and others, this was the greatest of all adventures ever undertaken by Americans. "Imagine," De Voto had said, "what it must have been like to have the first glimpse of the headwaters of the Missouri, to name the Three Forks, to explore the Yellowstone, to see the inner citadel of the Rockies, to span the Continental Divide, to map the sources of the Columbia, and to come at last to tidewater on the Pacific!"

And the eyes of the author of "Across the Wide Missouri" had glistened with excitement as he told me this. Furthermore, he tried to come as close to fulfillment of his wish as possible—in death if not in life. Last summer, in compliance with Bernard De Voto's final request, rangers of the U.S. Forest Service scattered his ashes along the high divide above the Lochsa River at an Idaho meadow known as Indian Post Office, where Lewis and Clark made their loftiest camp on the pilgrimage which carried our flag across the continent in 1805.

Yet, despite the unquestioned grandeur and epic qualities of this exploration, it has never lent itself to dramatization as a successful novel. Probably this is inherent in the nature of the feat. To begin with, it was without duplicate. Hundreds of wagon trains spanned the plains and ranges, but only one Lewis and Clark expedition. Several of the members of the party, and particularly Captain Lewis himself, kept detailed journals or diaries. Thus, any addition of love affairs or secret female stowaways is such an outrageous violation of history that not even the most daring novelist would risk it.

Emerson Hough made an effort many years ago to fictionalize the great trek. He relied upon the device of prodding Captain Lewis with constant yearnings for the absent, but intriguing Theodosia Burr, glamorous daughter of Aaron Burr. It never quite came off because the fabulous American countryside, which Lewis was discovering and naming, took second place to this thin fantasy.

And now Vardis Fisher, experienced in many aspects of the novel, has tried to determine if there exists a tale of fiction in the exploration which H. M. Chittenden has described as being "incomparably the most perfect achievement of its kind in the history of the world." It may be that Mr. Fisher has succeeded where others have failed because he lives in Idaho, the rugged state where Lewis and Clark suffered their sternest hardships and where they came closest to death and utter failure. After all, the vast breadth and expanse of America must be the dominant performer in any book about the first of all argosies through this domain. "Tale of Valor" never loses contact with the brooding landscape, especially when twenty-nine men and an Indian girl and her papoose are wrestling with the snowy prison of the jumbled Bitterroot Range.

Vardis Fisher has been especially skilful in gaining access to the thoughts and moods of that complex man, Meriwether Lewis—he who had been President Jefferson's private secretary, who first flew his country's banner on the backbone of the continent, and who eventually was to die under mysterious circumstances.

This leader of our nation's most fateful exploring party was no illiterate mountain man or rough and ready soldier. He was a sensitive introvert who knew the subtle alchemy of the American frontiersman. He could induce subordinates of lesser education and stronger passions to endure fierce and unrelenting hardships, and he could do so without applying the ironclad orders of military discipline which were at his disposal. In "Tale of Valor" we see this extraordinary man wondering over the sudden and bloody death of a buffalo calf beneath the ravening wolf pack; we feel both his zest and foreboding as he sights, far off on the distant horizon, the lurking summits of the Rocky Mountains; we share his agony as a beloved dog loses perilous quantities of blood from the bite of an angry beaver.

Just as his characterization of Meriwether Lewis is a highlight of his "Tale of Valor," Mr. Fisher has strayed too far, it seems to me, in attempting to add overtones of sex through the presence on the expedition of the Indian girl of the remote Shoshone tribe, Sacajawea. After Lieutenant William Clark saves the lives of Sacajawea and her baby in a rampaging flood, the girl pulses with sentiment for the stalwart red-headed officer which cannot wholly be ascribed to gratitude. The book contains too many scenes of intimacy between Sacajawea and the cowardly, sniveling interpreter to whom she belonged, and I doubt if "Tale of Valor" is enhanced by the importance which Mr. Fisher evidently assigns to the desires which this Indian maiden aroused among the expedition's more youthful personnel.

Undoubtedly these episodes represent an effort by Vardis Fisher to atone for the almost total absence of intimate sexual references in the Lewis and Clark journals. The leaders may have nostalgically named great rivers of the West for the girl friends back home, but they were not men obsessed by carnal thoughts.

Yet if there was scant sex on the epochal pilgrimage to Oregon, of drama there was ample. They made history with each passing day, and Mr. Fisher has wrought the most from these possibilities. When the tattered and aching men, in their crude pine-log canoes, finally glimpse the Pacific, one needs no extra powers of imagination to picture the scene at the mouth of the Columbia. For the first time, Americans had spanned the continent they would one day inhabit from coast to coast. Across 4,000 circuitous and uncharted miles the frontiersmen of Lewis and Clark had come, to claim for the United States the Louisiana Purchase and the even-greater expanses which lay beyond. A "Tale of Valor" it was and a tale of valor it will remain for as long as Americans take pride in the courage which created a mighty nation.

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# A Preference for the Truth

***"The Time of the Juggernaut," by Herbert Steinhouse*** *(Morrow. 470 pp. $4.95), relates the misadventures of an American newscaster in Paris who insists on reporting the truth. H. L. Humes, who reviews the book, is an editor of* The Paris Review *and author of "The Underground City."*

By H. L. Humes

LOOK, friend, when a man is hollering FIRE you don't stop to niggle at the cadence of his delivery. I am sure Herbert Steinhouse knows there are flaws in his book, and if you have the moxie to find them for yourself you don't need me. If you do need me, you wouldn't care. And I'd be adding to the burden of the slower readers.

The action takes place mainly in Paris, with a grim side trip to Algiers. The protagonist—hero, victim, fall guy, take your pick—is an American, a network broadcaster named Richardson, a man who prefers to tell the truth. For trying to tell the truth about Algeria he gets thrown out of France; for trying to tell the truth about McCarthyism he loses his American passport. But, truth to tell, in the end he gets the girl. Other than his lumps, that's about all he gets.

A plot summary would only evade the burden of the book and increase the burden of this reviewer; indeed, this one you ought to read *before* being swayed by cocktail-party discussion. Since this sort of book is calculated to rupture the pink blimp of card-carrying Republicans of both parties, you should not rely too heavily on a *Time*-style synopsis. Yea, verily, such books offend against the mighty ideal of the Luce-thinking "American Century" *beau monde.*

What appears to be an honest book, an angry one, is built around the great struggle of this midcentury: the careening contest between eggheads and blockheads (blockheads being persons whom truth hurts, and who therefore study hard to ignore it). Some blockheads are highly educated, intelligent, and skilful men; and Mr. Dulles, a prince among blockheads, is adequately represented in this book by various spokesmen from a radio commentator named Huddleston to an embassy aide named Cuthbert. The book directly witnesses the patent trickery of Dullesian "morality" in its fullest unprincipled bloom, and by indirection exposes the intellectual faithlessness and fine-spun dishonesty of the men who are committed to its justification in the American press. It will take historians yet another decade to exhume the truth from the unmarked graves where a "beat" fourth estate has vaguely buried it. China. Indochina. This time, in this book, it's Algeria, France, and a tale of torture.

For despite the laxative optimism of *Life* magazine's signal view of our own achievements, it is clear now that State Department policies have been exquisitely wrongheaded; what is not so widely understood is that State Department practices have been equally shabby. This book, for example, is the first I have come across that treats accurately of that little-known State Department ploy, the Passport Snatch, whereby the victim's passport is asked for as identification, then dropped into a self-locking drawer without a lick of due process. For a foreign-affairs writer, this is tantamount to being shot into orbit.

As in most novels of public events, of "news-behind-the-news," the prose in "Time of the Juggernaut" is clear but not radiant, and covers a multitude of imprecious sins; the whole performance, however, outlives its flaws and defines its own admonitory purpose. Judged in terms of that purpose, this book is an exhumation of dirty truths that we have too long tried to whistle past in studied ignorance. Richardson, poor hero, force-fed to the teeth with lies and smooth posturings, loses his passport in the act of being married at the American Legation. Now, friend, when an honest man comes face to face with all the glib and discourageous evasions that make life slick hell for beings who need truth to live, then that man, if he be truly honest, must act: he can take vengeance; or he can kill himself; or he can write a book. Mr. Steinhouse, like his hero, has committed the least sin; and if we can't forgive him, at least we ought to thank him for trying to save our graceless souls.

## Pick of the Paperbacks

**HARD TIMES.** *By Charles Dickens. Rinehart.* 65¢. The scourge of industrialism and some of its harsher consequences are depicted in this midcentury (1854) Dickens novel, shortest of all in length but probably longest in indignation.

**THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN POETRY.** *By J. Isaacs. Everyman.* 95¢. These six essays, originally BBC lectures, explain to the uninitiated the seemingly complicated elements of contemporary verse.

**THE ENORMOUS RADIO.** *By John Cheever. Berkley.* 35¢. As a short-story writer, Mr. Cheever, 1958 National Book Award winner ("Wapshot Chronicle"), is a master, and this collection, with such admirable stories as "Torch Song" and "O City of Broken Dreams," provides abundant evidence.

**A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.** *By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by James H. Tufts. Torchbooks.* $1.75. This now classic survey places the most salient philosophical ideas of Greece, Rome, and the Middle Ages into historical context.

**A PIECE OF MY MIND.** *By Edmund Wilson. Anchor.* 95¢. Critic and pundit Wilson reflects upon a variety of subjects—science, sex, his sixtieth year—with his accustomed wit and erudition.

**A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF ART.** *Edited by Elizabeth G. Holt. Anchor. Vol. II.* $1.45. From Michelangelo to Watteau, here are the artists' words on their own work and that of their contemporaries. Biographical introductions and illustrations.

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# Caught in Private Ghettos

***"The Enemy Camp," by Jerome Weidman*** *(Random House. 561 pp. $4.95), tells of intermarriage between Jew and Gentile and of George Hurst, a Jew whose past casts shadows across his halcyon present. Edmund Fuller, who reviews the novel, is a critic and the author of "Man in Modern Fiction."*

By Edmund Fuller

I THINK "The Enemy Camp" is the best of Jerome Weidman's many excellent novels in depth, scope, and in human sympathy. It has a lively, crackling readability in that voice of his own which he found in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and has been perfecting ever since.

His theme in this new book is the immemorial hostility between what anthropologists call, in primitive cultures, the "we-group" and the "they-group." Our civilized primitivism knows it in many corrosive variations. In "The Enemy Camp" we see it as anti-Semitism and its counterpart in anti-Gentilism. Mr. Weidman has had the artistic-intellectual honesty to see the two-way-street aspects of this problem. What he has to say is not limited in its relevance to Jews and Gentiles, but is for everybody relative to anybody.

George Hurst is Jewish, married to a Gentile. They have two boys and live in a commuters' town. Marriage is a complex adjustment under all circumstances. Any crossing of group lines, any kind of what we commonly call a "mixed marriage" (as if the mixture of a man and a woman were not quite enough to cope with), must make the adjustments more complicated, however broad one's views may be in such matters. Families are involved as well as couples.

George and Mary Hurst are happy. Yet George early realized that "there were things he would never be able to tell her." He has itemized in his mind the many little things he does just because he is married to a Gentile. An Italian friend consults him anxiously when his daughter wishes to marry a Jewish boy. "What will it be like for my Violetta? Living with all those Jews?" George can't answer that—"But I can tell you what it'll be like for that boy living with all you Italians . . . all his life, deep down inside, that boy will feel like Joe Louis at a white dinner."

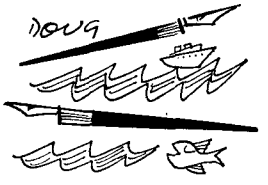
A stranger walks into George's life, the day the book begins, and asks some questions that rip, and threaten to destroy, the fabric of his life. In thirty-six hours, in a web skilfully woven by Mr. Weidman, not unlike the structure of "By Love Possessed," George must relive the whole past to achieve present self-knowledge.

An orphan, he was adopted by "Aunt Tessie" and grew up in two tiny rooms behind her tailor shop on the lower East Side, absorbing her dread and dislike of the "shkutzim" (Gentiles) and all their works. As his Uncle Zisha (one of the great figures of the book) defines it, "She's afraid to come out of her hole and look at the rest of America. She's afraid to go near people except they're exactly like she is." George came as a young accountant to live in a truce with the Gentile world, and married in it, but his unconscious never lost the latent suspicion of "the enemy camp."

Like Forster, in "A Passage to India," Weidman shows us substrata of feeling within groups. Aunt Tessie loathes Hungarians, and young George encounters a Galitzianer bookkeeper worried lest she be saddled with a Litvak accountant. Aunt Tessie's bitterness at George's marriage is fiercer than that of the Philadelphia Main-Liner, Winston Sherrod. I think, here, Mr. Weidman does not sufficiently recognize that behind the religious difference (which appears to have precluded either religion for the Hurst family) there is also a tremendous cultural gap between East Fourth Street and the Main Line—a gap large enough to create problems about some marriages not crossing religious lines, when "background" is held precious.

George's self-discovery requires probing the buried wounds of his disastrous relationships with Danny Shaw (né Schorr) and Dora Dienst, to the latter of whom a subtle tie, more of guilt than passion, has bound him since childhood. George has to resolve some hard questions of integrity, appalling in their reminder of the immense delayed repercussions in one's life that sometimes flow from what had seemed to be minor acts or involvements.

Mr. Weidman's novel is richly peopled. It deals honestly with some tragedy-producing characteristics of the human creature, mingling with its seriousness a wealth of sharp laughter at behavior from the East Side to Suburbia and within family walls. Whatever our roots, he says, in Uncle Zisha's words to George, "Don't dig a hole, don't make a private ghetto for yourself and creep into it."



# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## PENS ACROSS THE SEA (BOTH WAYS)

Britons and Americans have been writing about each other for well over three hundred years—writing sympathetically and un, accurately and in. Below are the titles of twenty books, some of them by Americans about Britain, some by Britons about America—travel, observation, appraisal, social and political evaluation, literary criticism. Kindly assign the correct titles to the correct authors. Answers on page 30.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | "The Amateur Emigrant" | ( ) Matthew Arnold |
| 2. | "The American Commonwealth" | ( ) Arnold Bennett |
| 3. | "American Notes for General Circulation" | ( ) James Bryce |
| 4. | "Certain Delightful English Towns" | ( ) Richard F. Burton |
| 5. | "The City of the Saints" | ( ) James Fenimore Cooper |
| 6. | "Civilization in the United States" | ( ) Richard Harding Davis |
| 7. | "A Diary in America" | ( ) Charles Dickens |
| 8. | "Domestic Manners of the Americans" | ( ) Ralph Waldo Emerson |
| 9. | "English Hours" | ( ) Nathaniel Hawthorne |
| 10. | "English Traits" | ( ) William Dean Howells |
| 11. | "From Sea to Sea" | ( ) Henry James |
| 12. | "Gleanings in Europe: England" | ( ) Rudyard Kipling |
| 13. | "In Thackeray's London" | ( ) D. H. Lawrence |
| 14. | "Midnight on the Desert" | ( ) Frederick Marryat |
| 15. | "North America" | ( ) J. B. Priestley |
| 16. | "Our English Cousins" | ( ) George Santayana |
| 17. | "Our Old Home" | ( ) F. Hopkinson Smith |
| 18. | "Soliloquies in England" | ( ) Robert Louis Stevenson |
| 19. | "Studies in Classic American Literature" | ( ) Anthony Trollope |
| 20. | "Their United States" | ( ) Frances Trollope |

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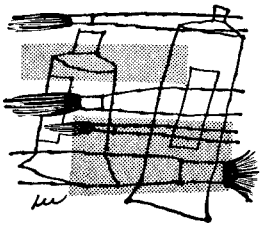
# Architect of the Canvas



***"Juan Gris," by James Thrall Soby*** *(Museum of Modern Art-Doubleday. 128 pp. 126 illustrations. $5.50), is a study of one of this century's most significant Cubist painters. James Johnson Sweeney, who assesses the work, is director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, and the author of many books on contemporary art.*

By James Johnson Sweeney

THE division of opinion regarding the work of the Spanish painter Juan Gris is one of the tantalizing problems of twentieth-century art judgment. Gris was an artist whose early cubist work is widely respected, whose work from 1916 through 1919 is almost universally admired, but whose work of the last seven years of his life has had until recently only a limited and grudging approval from all save a few of those admirers who have best known his work. It is not uncommon for an artist to burn out his creative powers in a few brilliant years of production and survive them as an ineffectual or sentimental craftsman. This was the opinion widely held by many regarding Gris since his death in 1927. But today there is more than a mere question of its validity. There is, in fact, a strong division of opinion.

D. H. Kahnweiler, Gris's early friend in Paris and first dealer, as early as 1912 has declared in his study of the artist: "The period that followed [1920] was one of the most fruitful and most beautiful in the whole of Juan Gris's work. Indeed many of those who admire his pictures consider the years 1916 to 1919 as the peak of his achievement. Certainly the works of this time have an austere grandeur and manly vigor.... And yet I do not think that one can be said to have fully understood Gris's art unless one recognizes the progress which he continued to make after 1920."

Douglas Cooper, whose Gris collection, as Mr. Soby points out, is one of the finest in existence, holds a similar opinion. He gives full recognition to the quality of Gris's early work, but adds: "It is only in 1920 that Gris at last seems in full possession of his resources."

And while Mr. Soby confesses that he regards it as a duty of conscience to disagree with this viewpoint in his scrupulous and valuably documented study of Juan Gris, published in connection with the exhibition of that artist's work recently shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Mr. Soby provides us with innumerable hints of what may have created a duality of appeal in Gris's work and change of esthetic concept which would justify these differences of opinion.

One of the commonest difficulties in accepting a fresh direction in contemporary art, or even in an individual artist's work, is the temptation to look for what we have already come to like in either. The failure to find that there tempts us to blame the artist for not putting it there; whereas the artist may have sought some quite different expression or solution to the problem he chose to set himself and may have been thoroughly successful in his realization of it. The failure in such a case is entirely our own.

And such may be the case in looking from Gris's earlier work to his later work.

For, as Mr. Soby brings out clearly through his text and by frequent quotation of Gris's own words, the artist who found the elegant refinement of the cubist idiom which characterizes his work between the years 1914 and 1919 was never completely happy with what was winning the admiration of his fellow artists and sensitive admirers. Before coming to Paris he had studied engineering. The term "precision" crops up time after time in his conversation and writings. As a young cubist he admired Zurbarán, he admired Le Nain, Boucher, and Seurat. "In many ways," he said, "I find myself at one with Seurat." But as early as 1915 he wrote, "At all events I find my pictures excessively cold. But Ingres is cold too and yet is good, and so is Seurat; yes, so is Seurat, whose meticulousness annoys me almost as much as my own pictures."

BY 1916 he had achieved a mastery of that cold, precise, sensitively architectural cubism that has its embodiment in the famous "Violin" of the Basel Museum, reproduced in color in Mr. Soby's book—an austere composition in subdued contrasts of brown and black, white and gray, so eloquent of his atavistic sources: Zurbarán translated into twentieth-century terms.

Yet all this time since his arrival in Paris in 1906 his constant desire had been to be French. At the outset of his essay Mr. Soby emphasizes "Gris's almost total adoration of the French tradition in art . . . he preferred to think of himself as French and with friends insisted that he be called 'Jean' rather than 'Juan'." As early as 1915 he had been worried about his art's lack of sensuality ("I can't find room in my pictures for that sensitive and sensuous side which I feel should always be there"). And in 1921 we have his well-known declaration: "I consider that the architectural element in painting is mathematics, the abstract side; I want to humanize it. Cézanne turns a bottle into a cylinder; but I begin with a cylinder and create an individual of a special type: I make a bottle—a particular bottle out of a cylinder."

THEN, from 1921 forward, we see Gris placing less emphasis on the architectural, the intellectual aspects of his expression, and more on its sensuous side. His palette responds to a similar interest: the cold austerity of his Spanish heritage gives way to a warmer, more decorative—more sensuous—gamut of colors, possibly related, in his view, to the world of his sympathy and adoption, France.

Such a development—turn, or growth, as the case may be—is possibly what underlies the diversity of opinion regarding the quality of the middle and later phases of Gris's art. Such a redirection need not necessitate a loss of quality: it may have merely led to a *different* quality, one which we may come to recognize if we face the problem which the artist has set himself and the solution of it which he has devised.

This is the value of a studiously compiled and considered volume of contemporary art history such as Mr. Soby's. It not only holds our attention to the artist's work in our mind's eye as we read, but it also provides material for the creation of an ambiance in which we may give a fuller consideration to the artist's work—and, as a consequence, respond more acutely to what he has created.

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# The Future of Futurism

***"Modern Italian Painting," by Guido Ballo*** *(translated by Barbara Wall; Praeger. 215 pp. 155 color plates. $30), is a pictorial survey of Italy's art, from the frenetic days of Futurism to the present time. Our reviewer is Sam Hunter, Chief Curator at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.*

By Sam Hunter

AT THE war's close, and after the Fascist interregnum, the prospects of Italian art seemed exceptionally bright and promising. In his dramatic equestrians the Milanese sculptor Marino Marini had found an eloquent symbol and a powerful contemporary expression for the battered stoicism of a people recently under fire. Grouped around Renzo Vespignani in Rome were two gifted youngsters, scarcely in their twenties, who feverishly drew and painted a desolated, postwar scene with mordant candor and strength. Renato Guttuso, a leader of the insurgent, modernist movement, *Corrente*, which had courageously challenged the retrospective mood of official art before the war, took a new leaf from Picasso's "Guernica" and painted popular genre subjects in a drastically simplified, acidulous cubism. Under the auspices of The New Artistic Front a number of radical abstract painters emerged in Venice and Milan, working competently within the framework of international modernism. Supporting the impression of renewed vitality in the visual arts was a brilliant crop of new books and films, and an enthusiastic cafe life in the main centers of Italy; the rest of the European cultural enterprise seemed laggard, weary, and indecisive by comparison.

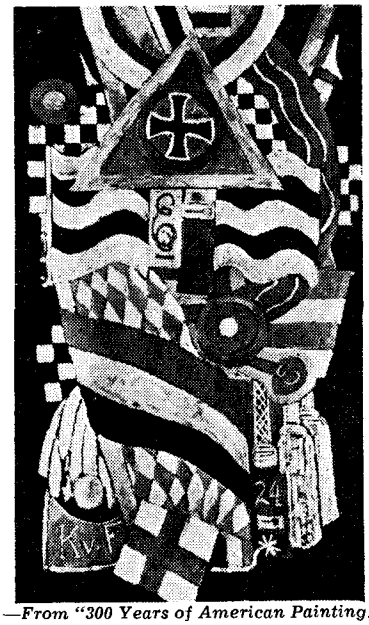
The history of the past decade in Italian painting, however, has been one of disappointed hopes. Doubts were raised as early as the Venice Biennales of 1948 and 1950, when it became clear that no single outstanding artistic temperament had emerged. In these exhibitions Guttuso was far from impressive with his didactic and progressively more violent examples of current social-realist cant, and the modified realism of the young Romans around Vespignani soon dated itself. Many of the more experimental painters, though not all, veered unpredictably between abstraction and naturalism, or were summarily converted from the purist geometry of Mondrian and Magnelli to an idiom of abstract expressionism, as *tachisme* and Action painting acquired a fashionable cachet.

Guido Ballo's lavishly illustrated and expensive book underlines that persisting discrepancy between high hopes and modest accomplishment which, with a few notable exceptions, has characterized Italian painting since the climactic years of Futurism and the "Metaphysical Painting" of de Chirico, Carra, and Morandi. It is a measure of the author's parochial outlook, and perhaps, too, an indication of a more general provincialism in the Italian artistic *milieu*, that the painters of widest international reputation are given the shortest shrift, while the achievement of innumerable, smaller talents of no more than local interest is exhaustively documented. The fine collages of Burri, who shows regularly in New York, Paris, and London, are ignored, as one example, and the author shows an ungenerous partisanship in his evaluation of the early Morandi at the expense of de Chirico, who is, of course, the more highly esteemed internationally. In this connection Sig. Ballo dismisses de Chirico's magnificent, proto-surrealist works with the patronizing and inexact phrase, "baroque theatricality"; the descriptive epithet seems entirely inappropriate to that artist's stark and somber piazzas, and dreaming mannekins.

THE author is certainly not responsible for the many translating *gaffes*, of which "cosmic 'panic' feeling" and "the surround" are among the most startling, but he must be held accountable for his tiresome journalistic rhetoric and nagging polemical tone. Most of all, one misses a sharp and evocative sense of the object, lacking which such phrases as

(*Continued on page* 31)

## Three from the Easel

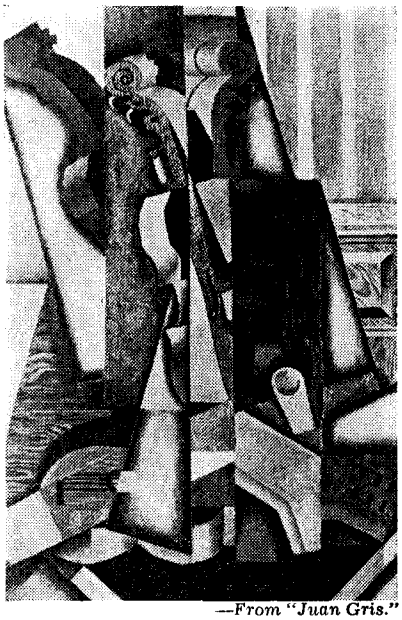


—*From "300 Years of American Painting."*

Marsden Hartley's "German Officer."

—*From "Modern Italian Painting."*

"Dancers" by Massimo Campigli.



—*From "Juan Gris."*

"Violin and Guitar" by Juan Gris.

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The Saturday Review

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# The 1957 Anisfield-Wolf Awards

THE editors of *The Saturday Review* take pleasure in announcing the Anisfield-Wolf Awards in Race Relations for the year 1957. The judging committee, consisting of Pearl Buck, Lillian Smith, Oscar Handlin, and Ashley Montagu unanimously agreed upon the following two awards:

1. **"WHITE MOTHER."** *By Jessie Bennett Sams* (*McGraw-Hill*, $3.95). Of this book Pearl Buck writes: "The charm and power of this story is that it is true. The facts, though beautifully told, are startling and dramatic in their simplicity. In the deep South, a white woman, a lady of distinction, took into her care two small Negro girls, so underprivileged they might have been savages in a wild land. Quietly and with a kindness altogether natural and unassuming, the white lady assumed the place of a mother for the two motherless children. To her they were human beings and therefore possessed rights to freedom of opportunity and happiness. Without announcements or preachments, the white lady proceeded in small ways and large to open doors of life for the children. By the persuasion of love and the encouragement of faith, the lady led the little girls toward womanhood and fulfilled lives.

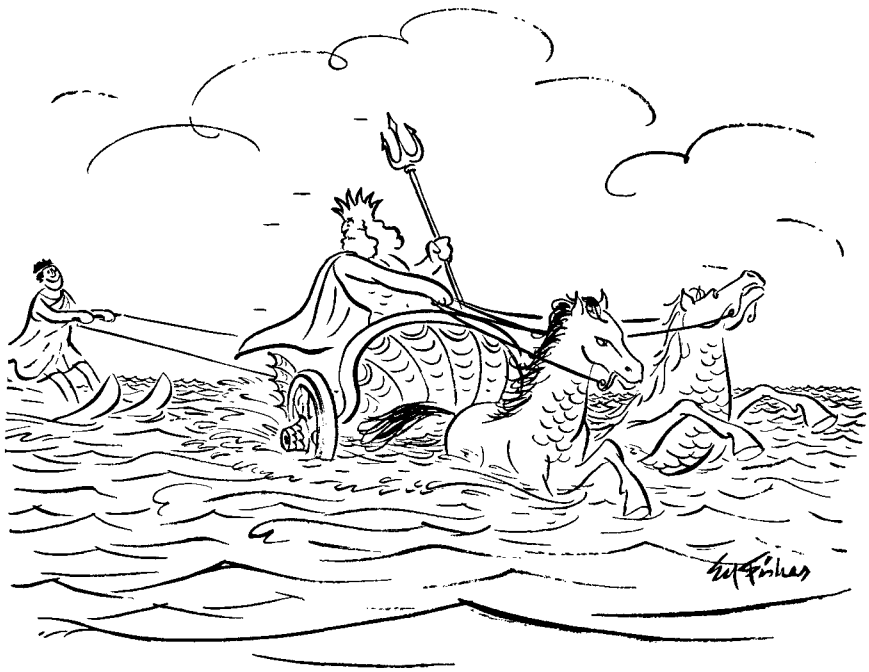
"It is no wonder that the young women now think of this lady as their white mother. Jessie Sams has written a triumphant story of their love for her. I say triumphant, because in these pages the proof is clear that love triumphs over prejudice and that compassion reaches to the uttermost heights of practical performance. When any American asks the question of what he—or she—can do to bring an end to prejudice in our country and in the world, that one has only to read 'White Mother.' The answer is there. You do what the white mother did. There are children everywhere in deep need of love and faith and opportunity. The dearth is in white mothers and fathers. I am not saying too much when I declare that were we all to follow in the footsteps of this one white mother, we would need not ask how to achieve peace on earth. Peace would be here."

The other judges of the committee fully endorse Miss Buck's judgment of this beautiful book.

2. **THE SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS.** For the first time in its history the committee has departed from the practice of awarding prizes exclusively to the authors of books, and for 1957 has awarded the additional prize of a thousand dollars to this institute. The award is made in recognition of its outstanding work and publications in the field of race relations in the Union of South Africa. The Institute's famous "Handbook on Race Relations" (Johannesburg, Oxford University Press, 1949), a book of nearly 800 pages, constitutes the most thorough survey of all the material necessary for an understanding of race relations in South Africa that we possess.

There exists nothing quite like it elsewhere in the world. It is a model of its kind. Through its monthly *Race Relations News*, its quarterly *Race Relations, Annual Report, Library Bulletin*, occasional publications, reports to the press, lectures, meetings, and similar services, the Institute has been a powerful influence for good in a land in which race relations have been progressively worsened by the political party in power. Amidst the onslaughts of the powers of darkness it has stood like an encouraging beacon casting a much needed light into the surrounding gloom. It constitutes a most heartening example to us all. We are happy to be able to express our gratitude to the South African Institute of Race Relations.

AGAIN, we express our thanks to Mrs. Edith A. Wolf of Cleveland, the donor of the awards since their establishment in 1935 in memory of her father John Anisfield (1860-1929) and her husband Eugene E. Wolf (1884-1944). —Ashley Montagu.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### A DISAVOWAL

In case any reader should deduce my views from the strange representation of them in Miss Anne Fremantle's review of my book "Men and Events" (*SR* May 10), may I give one sample of her accuracy? She writes, "He dismisses with scant courtesy such contemporary scholars as David Knowles. . . ." As I have never mentioned or even alluded to Dr. Knowles in my book, or made any general allusion which could conceivably refer to him, this statement is untrue. As in fact I greatly respect and admire all his work, it is also offensive and (unlike other untrue statements, which I will ignore) must be disowned.

H. R. Trevor-Roper.

Oxford, England.

### REPUBLICAN HONOR

In *SR* June 7 you have published a review of my "Spain" by Ramón Sender. There are two or three errors of fact in it. May I dwell on one of them: Sender writes: "The most important decree of his [Madariaga's] short term of office (as Minister of Education) was the creation of a new decoration at the moment when the civil war was brewing. This decorative approach to the problem was not very helpful."

This sentence is wide of the facts. I was Minister of Education for five weeks. The anniversary of the installation of the Republic happened to fall during my term of office. Departing from the usual fanfare celebrations, I organized:

1. A festival in a big hall in Madrid connected by radio with all the universities and schools of the country, which included:

a) A speech by the President; b) songs in all the languages of the country; c) the fourth movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony;

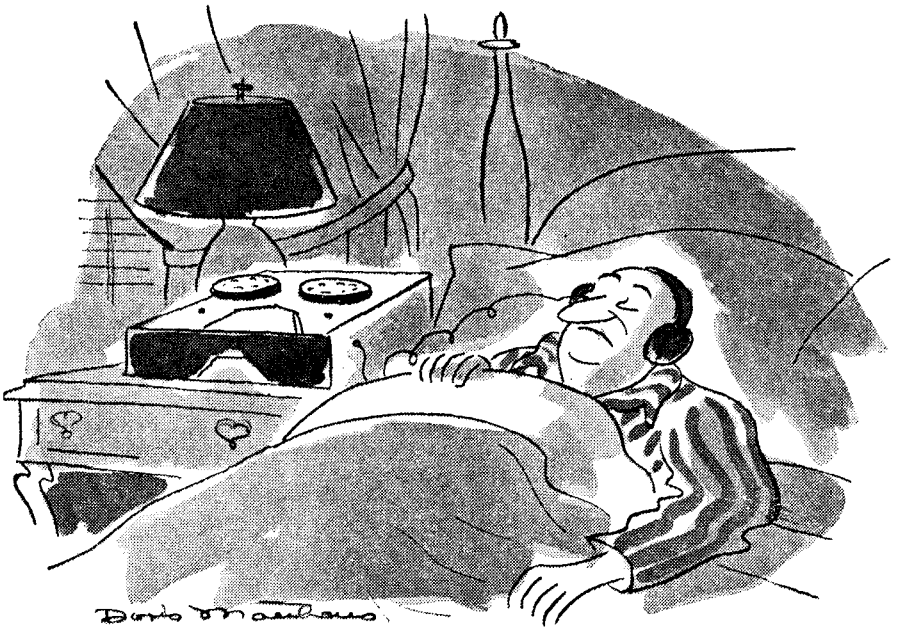
2. A representation of the truly republican play of Calderón, "The Mayor of Zalamea," in the bullring of Madrid, an interesting experiment which was fully successful;

3. An open-air folklore festival, where dances were exhibited of all the provinces of Spain—an unforgettable sight.

All this had for its aim to give to the whole of Spain the living impact of all its parts, and so stimulate unity. It also occurred to me that the opportunity should not be missed to create a permanent institution dramatizing the importance of citizenship (the weak spot in Spanish psychology), so I set up a Citizen of Honour to be selected every year by a committee of outstanding and respected men. He would receive a gold medal (not to be worn), a diploma, and the right to vote on the selection of future Citizens of Honour; but no outward signs and no material rewards. The first two selections were Bartolomé Cossío and Miguel de Unamuno, two first-class figures in Spanish life. It was my intention that the third should be a man or woman of humble station with an exemplary life. As the Citizen of Honour would be appointed every year precisely on the anniversary of the Republic, this institution and this ceremony seemed to me likely to stimulate the growth of that social spirit which is the prime need of Spain. My aim was educational and therefore within the four corners of my ministerial assignment.

S. de Madariaga.

London, England.



"There is no recession, it's all in the minds of the people. There is no recession . . ."

### FORFEITED RIGHTS

When Franco destroyed the Spanish Republic, he committed the greatest unpunished crime of this far-from-stainless century. But even the Caudillo, waxed fat on the fruits of his victory and wielding absolute power over a subjugated people, has not been able to kill their soul. Madariaga, self-exiled in a free country, and operating on the do-it-yourself plan, has been only too successful in killing his. When a historian says that military dictatorship paves the way for parliamentary democracy, and when a supposed liberal says that unconditional surrender on the part of the Spanish Republic would have been better than the "hopelessly romantic" fight for freedom, he has forfeited the right to think, the capacity to feel, and the will to act as a free agent.

Margaret Lee Southard.

Hingham, Mass.

### EDUCATING THE RUSSIANS

"Europe's First Glimpse of the Russians," by A. L. Rowse (*SR* June 7), is one of the finest articles recently written about Russia. It shows, above all else, what can be done to the human soul through abuse and injustice, the scars left upon the Russian character by such rulers as Ivan the Terrible. Those scars remain to this day; the only thing that can now allay the natural suspicions of the Russians is an entirely new concept of the world by which they are surrounded.

Clyde L. Morrison.

Huntington, W. Va.

### CARACAS STUDENTS

In re-considering the case of Alger Hiss (*SR* May 31) *SR* has taken a long-delayed step in recovering the honor of this nation. Until we have arrived at the discernment and effective judgment of the students of Caracas, we shall richly deserve whatever evil befalls us.

Mrs. Henry F. James.

Anna Maria, Fla.

### TOTALITARIAN CAMP

*SR* keeps seeming to try to give validity to the Communist point of view; especially in the set-up of the debate about Alger Hiss. I keep wondering whether *SR* would have given so much space and sympathy to Fascist and Nazi positions in the 1930s. I appeal to you to give this whole question your most earnest consideration. Do not let your opposition to the H-bomb carry you into the totalitarian camp.

Mrs. Arthur G. McDowell.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### STRANGE INADEQUACY

The Rodell piece on the Hiss case was, of course, deliberately calculated to arouse interest. But this article seems to exceed permissible bounds. A respectable argument may be made that no conviction should be upheld which depends in essential part on the testimony

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of a man of Chambers's character. Rodell's attack seems to be founded primarily on the fact that the lawyer for the defendant, and the author of a book retreading the arguments of this lawyer, "did not deliberately lie." It seems to accept the somewhat naive assumption that a skilful special pleader must necessarily lie when he molds facts, inferences, or arguments in his favor—not to mention when he distorts them. The fact that the author is a Professor of Law does not minimize the strange inadequacy of this article.

EUGENE FREDERICK ROTH.

New York, N. Y.

**BOLSTER CORRECTION**

VICTOR LASKY states that, in an article on the Hiss case appearing in *Masses and Mainstream*, it was "contended that Hiss was framed to bolster 'McCarthyism.' The fact is that Hiss was first publicly accused years before McCarthy burst into the limelight." I am the author of the article in question—published in October 1953—and Mr. Lasky is wrong in his summary of one of its points. I did not state that Hiss was framed in order to bolster McCarthyism, for I am as aware of dates as is Mr. Lasky. What I did say was that the conviction of Alger Hiss was used by McCarthyism as "one of the main props for its propaganda that the Roosevelt Administration was 'Communist-infiltrated' "; that it served as a means to "help besmirch all progressive and liberal thought and action, all anti-Fascist and democratic objectives and activities."

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

**TWO MORE**

I THINK THE debate on the subject "Was Alger Hiss Framed?" should be followed by two others: 1. Did Booth Really Shoot Lincoln?; 2. Should the Nobel Peace Prize Be Awarded to Russia for Helping Restore Democratic Order in Hungary?

ANDREW COOKE.

Battle Creek, Mich.

**DOUBT'S BENEFIT**

CONGRATULATIONS to P.R. for his challenging and perceptive evaluation of what constitutes villainy (*SR* May 31). It is with reluctance that I question one of his candidates. Is P.R. sure that Archbishop Hieronymous was criminally and callously "insensitive to music"? If so, then he well deserves his spot preceding the names of Himmler and Hitler. But what if the old boy was hard of hearing? Or didn't have enough flunkeys? I admit that this is no excuse, but when a man's name is linked with such fiends as the birch-wielding Headmaster of Eton, then every benefit of a doubt must be given to the accused.

JEAN McHUGH.

El Cerrito, Calif.

**STUFFING THE EARTH**

I AM SURPRISED that *SR* did not find a single villain in the long history of China. I shall nominate the first emperor of the Ch'in Dynasty who built the largest man-made monstrosity in the world, the Great Wall. Men were drafted as slaves from all quarters of the Empire to carry out the task, "lazy men to stuff the earth," as meat stuffs the dumpling, according to the story.

WANG HUI-MING.

Hamden, Conn.

**OMISSION**

WILL YOU PLEASE ask P.R. why, in his long list of rogues, he included only two women?

CARRIE E. WILLEY.

Monson, Mass.

**NEGLECTED STOREHOUSE**

THE BIBLE virtually teems with villains, such as Aaron, Absalom, and Joseph's brothers. Surely this venerable tome should have been at hand when P.R. went about his task of selecting time-honored dastards. Likewise, Heliogabalus was neglected, as were Peter the Great, Cagliostro, and the Cenci.

MORTLOCK VON RABB-LUCAS.

Greenbush, Mich.

**DRUG PUSHER**

HOW INSIGNIFICANT is a Marquise de Montespan (who after all was a product of her time and culture and comported herself much as expected), how inappropriate a Napoleon (who—as you yourself say—is considered by many to be a hero) when compared to the evil of a single importer and seller of illicit drugs.

MRS. PAUL D. DAVID.

White Plains, N. Y.

**HELLFIRE AND SHOCK**

REFERRING TO Torquemada, P.R. says: "The incredible, long episode of the Inquisition starts a thrill of disgust down any Christian's spine." Why should a Christian be shocked? Jesus Himself taught eternal Hellfire.

H. C. DEKKER.

Portland, Ore.

**UNFAIR TO MALTHUS**

WHY DID P.R. have to spoil an otherwise interesting and amusing article by including Robert Malthus? The charge against Malthus seems to be his authorship of the "Essay on Population." Completely overlooked, however, is the Malthus of the "Principles of Political Economy" (1820). Far from being "one of the principal fathers of 'liberal' economics, the dismal science," it was Malthus who fought against the sickening smugness of his contemporaries Ricardo and the Frenchman J. B. Say about the alleged orderliness in the economy.

HERBERT E. NEWMAN.

Newark, Del.

**DISTORTION OF VILLAIN**

TO BRACKET honorable men like Custer, Baldwin, and Haig with Attila and Hitler (while omitting Mussolini and Lenin) is a distortion of the word villain even as defined by your contributor, who might surely have found a less offensive word for his iconoclasm.

JEANNE BERNAYS.

La Mesa, Calif.

**DR. PAULING'S DEFENSE**

*Time*'s ARTICLE ON the "National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy," discussed in *SR* May 3, evoked a similar response here at Caltech. Among other remarks, *Time* referred to Dr. Linus Pauling, who is chairman of the Division of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, as a "long-time supporter of Communist-line fronts, whose ideology was never noticeably shaken by the suppression inside the Soviet Union for years of his own Nobel Prizewinning discovery about the resonance theory of chemical bonds." This and the tone of the rest of the article prompted 262 students (out of 1,050) and seventy-four faculty (out of 300) of the California Institute of Technology to sign the following letter to *Time*:

> We feel that your article of April 21 concerning the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy was clearly an unfair treatment of a minority opinion. Opposition to the testing of nuclear weapons is not necessarily un-American, pro-Communist or "insane." To jump to such a conclusion is to fall into a pattern that is profoundly dangerous to freedom of thought and expression.
>
> We particularly object to your treatment of Dr. Linus Pauling. Even though some of us do not support his current efforts to end nuclear tests, we know Dr. Pauling as a member of our faculty, and he is a rugged individualist, following no one's party line, and motivated by the highest humanitarian impulses.

ROBERT BLANDFORD.
ALAN CARLIN.
THOMAS E. MORTON.
DAVID G. CARSEL.

Pasadena, Calif.

**BED OR BUREAU**

HOLLIS ALPERT was very pert when he reviewed "Ten North Frederick" (*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, May 24.) He said, "Ann Chapin lies on her bed and remembers a great deal about herself." Ann Chapin was not lying on her bed. For his information, she was seated before a bureau! Are you sure Mr. Alpert did not read the book and review the movie?

ROBERT F. YBARRA.

Burlingame, Calif.

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## Propaganda's Diminishing Returns

IT IS very possible that a fair part of the propaganda war, so far as radio goes anyway, has entered a phase of diminishing returns. After all, when over one or more high-powered transmitters you've called your antagonist a liar and a murderer for ten years or so, while he's been calling you the same names from the other side of the border, and it looks as if the mutual recriminating might go on for another ten, or even 100, years, the likely result is not that the ordinary listener will make a definite choice between one persuasion or the other, but that he will be bored to death with both of you and suspend judgment altogether.

For two examples of the dimensions of the two-headed propaganda apparatus which has accumulated around the world since 1945, look at Munich and Cairo. Munich is typical of any European city (or town, for that matter) on which converge millions of words daily, from dozens of sources and in dozens of languages—all designed to persuade, to urge, to defame, to encourage. To begin with the four major stations broadcasting *from* Munich:

1. *Radio Free Europe,* operating on contributions from Americans, maintains headquarters at Englischer Garten 1 in Munich. RFE, broadcasting on short and medium waves, transmits in Czech, Slovak, Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian, Bulgarian.

2. *Radio Liberation,* located at Lilienstalstrasse 2 in Munich, speaks to the peoples of the Soviet Union and the Soviet armed forces as the "free voice of their countrymen abroad."

3. *Voice of America,* the official mouthpiece of the United States Information Agency, broadcasts on long, medium, and short wave out of Munich in Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Estonian, Latvian, and Serbian.

4. The German Federal Republic licenses the *Bayerischer Rundfunk,* the Bavarian Radio Station, operating a home service in German for Germans on medium wave, AM, and FM.

But these four major agencies working out of Munich are not the sum total of the programs which the Münchiner can hear when he tunes in on his radio set. He can also pick up strong signals from the following:

1. *The American Forces Network* (AFN), in American English to the armed forces of the USA in Germany.

2. *The British Forces Network* (BFN), in English to the armed forces of Britain in Germany.

3. *Staatliches Rundfunkkomitee,* of the German Democratic Republic in Eastern Berlin, Soviet-controlled and Communist-dominated.

4. *Ceskoslovensky Rozhlas,* Radio Prague, Czechoslovakia, broadcasting in Czech, Slovak, English, French, German, Greek, Italian, Serbo-Croat, Spanish, Swedish — Communist-oriented and an outpost of Moscow.

5. *Radiodiffusion Francaise,* also called the Parisian Network, broadcasting a German-language program in addition to a great many other tongues (Arabic, Greek, Hungarian, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Spanish, Serbo-Croatian, and Slovene to Yugoslavia, and French to African possessions, the Far East, etc.).

How much of what he can hear from sampling this Tower of Babel does the average German believe? Said a German newspaperman I spoke to recently: "The United States propaganda warns us that only the American brand of democracy is genuine. The Russians tell us day and night that *their* brand of democracy is the true kind, and the other type false. We hear from the Voice of America about the Free World, but look at who some of the members of this club are—Tito, Franco. The Russians tell us they have the correct solution, but look at Nasser, look at Ference Munnich (Prime Minister of Communist Hungary). Do we have any hope of bringing about an orderly and intelligent world, in which each man can go about his business without becoming a schizophrenic? When will we be left alone?"

GERMANY, of course, is principally a target. But Cairo, under the eyes of its ambitious President, is a hunter as well as a target. Wooed by the United States, and courted by the Russians with, as of this date, considerable success, Cairo has a $750,000 transmitter (the gift of Moscow) which broadcasts from spacious offices at No. 4 Sheriffein Street. Under the tutelage of seasoned veterans of Radio Moscow's Agitrop Department, Radio Cairo now speaks in many tongues. To name a few: Hebrew to Israel; French to the Near East and North Africa; English to Europe; Swahili to Somaliland; and occasionally in other languages.

What does Radio Cairo tell the world in its newly acquired multilingualism? Here are a few examples:

1. The Lebanon, which has been fighting against being gulped down by the United Arab Republic like its neighbor Syria, is told that its distinguished Foreign Minister Charles Malik is an "agent of the Central Intelligence Agency," from which he "received $200,000" recently.

2. East and Central Africa are told that the chiefs of Ghana are "breaking down the relics of British colonialism," and that "hope for liberation" is on the way.

3. Israel is told in Hebrew-language broadcasts by Radio Cairo that Abba Eban, Israeli Ambassador to Washington, is seeking to turn Israel into an "American colony"; that "Eban realizes that Israel is weak when compared with the power of the Arabs, and cannot rely upon its own resources"; that "although the Arabs may quarrel among themselves, they are united against Israel, and that the arms received from America are intended to be used against Israel."

4. The Egyptian people are told that the "showdown battle between imperialism and our nation is at hand," and that the latter will triumph under the great Nasser.

What is the average Egyptian to believe? It is impossible to say. Like his German counterpart in Munich, he is torn by many conflicting emotions—fear of Communism; fear of "imperialism"; fear of Israel.

"PROPAGANDA" alone does not determine the politics of the future. Perhaps it is not even an important influence on the future and, indeed, the ideological cacophony set up by the competitive "Free World" and "Communist World"—the psychological bedlam they have created, where every word and phrase means something different to every broadcaster you listen to—may in the end militate against America's interests. For, after all, those who believe in democracy do so primarily because they believe it is a rational and civilized polity.

We want our world-neighbors to consider our policies in terms of common-sense ideas, not slogans and hate-hymns. We do not, of course, recommend here that America withdraw from the "propaganda war." But it is high time that the United States reflect on the clamor we're contributing to, the growing resistance of people who are ceasing to believe anything, from any source, and, perhaps, to reassess the whole problem of communicating our values and principles to an overstimulated humanity. —ARTHUR SETTEL.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# Are These Our Children?

EVER since the late James Dean created on celluloid the portrait of the youthful, hopeless rebel, his image has been haunting the screen in innumerable guises. You find it among the chicken-running, skin-popping adolescents in M-G-M's lurid **"High School Confidential."** It turns up again as the misunderstood, misguided youth portrayed by Elvis Presley in **"King Creole"** (Paramount). The family tensions, the pitiful lacks of communication that produce problem children are analyzed in **"Hot Spell"** (also Paramount). While from France comes Roger Vadim's **"No Sun in Venice"** (Kingsley Intl.), another in his series of studies of rootless, amoral young women who are at once the cinematic sisters of Dean's moody, instinctual renegade and of Francoise Sagan's coldly sensual malcontents. If World War II has produced a "lost generation" this is it; and these films, reflecting various aspects of the same problem with varying degrees of skill and sensationalism, all manage to achieve the same effect. Frankly, they are disconcerting.

Perhaps the most disturbing element which all four of them have in common is their bland acceptance of the conditions portrayed. When juvenile delinquents first appeared upon the screen, only a few years back, there were frantic attempts on the part of the scriptwriters to lay the blame upon "problem parents," absolving their offspring of everything but the lack of a firm parental hand. That oversimplified formula, derided at the time, has by no means disappeared; it is present to some extent in all three of the Hollywood films. But only in "High School Confidential"—and then only incidentally—do the writers, Lewis Meltzer and Robert Blees, point with horror or alarm. In "King Creole," based on Harold Robbins's "A Stone for Danny Fisher," the father is weak and alcoholic but he does try to impose his own sense of moral rectitude upon his son (and is shown to have been quite wrong in this at the end). In "Hot Spell," adapted from a play by Lonnie Coleman, the parents are both too obtuse and too concerned with their own affairs to guide their children intelligently. Far from condemning them, however, the film makes an obvious bid for sympathy—and implies that the kids can take care of themselves far better than their grown-ups could.

"Hot Spell," a soap opera with delusions of grandeur, begins as a serious attempt to psychoanalyze a reasonably typical American family today, a family in which the father (Anthony Quinn) has frankly tired of his plumpish, platitudinous wife (Shirley Booth), breaks with her, and runs off with another, younger woman. In the meantime, his rivalry with his older son, his inability to understand his younger son, and his overstrictness with his teen-age daughter have alienated each in turn. All of this is talked out at great length, with the uninflected (and essentially non-dramatic) fidelity of a tape recorder. The film turns sudsy when Quinn is arbitrarily killed in his flight from home and the family is no less arbitrarily reunited over his grave. In its statement of the frictions and deep-rooted resentments that are destroying so many family relationships these days, however, "Hot Spell" does present an honest and perceptive—if not particularly inspired—picture.

IN THE Presley film, Harold Robbins's unhappy hero is translated from prize-fighter to singer and moved from New York's East Side to New Orleans's French Quarter, but the essential situation remains unchanged. Danny Fisher, both loathing and loving his faint-hearted father, is determined that he will never allow himself to be shoved around like his old man. He runs with the hoodlum gangs, participates in a hold-up, discovers he can make an honest dollar by singing—and finds himself forced to knuckle under to the racketeer who runs Bourbon Street in order to hold his job. The plotting is almost predictably familiar, but Presley—himself a scarcely idealized image of vast sections of today's youth—sensitively conveys the torments of a youngster confident of his physical and vocal prowess but uncertain of his feelings for his father and morally unequipped to grapple with the exigencies of life.

It is this moral lack that underlines every character in "High School Confidential" and "No Sun in Venice." "Confidential," offered as "an authentic exposure of conditions," deals in the most flamboyant terms with teen-age dope-pushers. The youthful addicts, all from good homes, take the stuff for kicks, for excitement, lying, cheating, and stealing for a "fix." As presented here, there is no further explanation, no attempt to probe. The film titillates with its incessant jive talk, its shots of hypos and syringes, its dope-crazed girls and intimations of white slavery, then piously trots out statistics to prove that teen-age dope addiction is indeed a problem. Without doubting the fact for a moment, it is a problem that "High School Confidential" is scarcely designed to ameliorate.

Roger Vadim's film, on the other hand, resorts to time-worn melodrama, to international crooks, chases, and killings, as the basis for his observations on the morals (or lack of them) in young people today. Against the attractive background of Venice in winter-time, he plays out the sordid love story of the mistress of an aged counterfeiter who seduces an impassive young photographer. Vadim (who also directed "And God Created Woman") knows how to inject a full measure of calculated sex into his pictures, plots his films in a taut elliptical style, and carefully refrains from passing the slightest word of censure upon any of his characters' amoral antics. The effect is both compelling and repellent, honest yet dishonest, as if he were too bewildered, too insecure in this complex world to take any moral stand whatsoever. From his film—indeed, from all these films—one feels justified in demanding more. The film artist who is satisfied to present only the externals of a sick society is seriously shirking his responsibility.

* * *

**"The Case of Dr. Laurent"** (Trans-Lux), a new French import, plumps heavily for natural childbirth and illustrates its thesis with some astonishing shots of a young mother smiling cheerfully through all the pangs of her delivery. In the title role Jean Gabin, on the other hand, makes of his provincial medico devoted to the new ways a rather glum and cheerless figure, particularly when he is standing off the attacks of the unenlightened locals. As an argument for natural childbirth the film is convincing enough, despite the fact that every card in the dramaturgic deck has been stacked in favor of the director's point of view. What is disconcerting, however, is the notion that something so very personal should become the subject of a tub-thumping polemic.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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# Books for Young People

—From "Energy and Power."

AS SUMMER vacation plans are made for trips to seashore or mountains, to camps, or for the surprisingly delightful stay-at-home variety, we hope that books for the children as well as for their parents are included in the catalogue of things to have on hand. Nearly all public libraries have arrangements for their patrons, adult and children, to take books for an extended circulation period during the summer. Libraries in resort areas usually have provision for transient use of their books, and some school libraries are open in the summertime. With books thus available children may experience the joys of reading as part of a happy summer.

Reviewers for this issue: Julia Jussim Brody, Bronx Borough children's specialist, The New York Public Library; Sarah Jones, chief library consultant, State Department of Education, Atlanta, Georgia; Alice Lohrer, assistant professor, Library School, University of Illinois; Alice Brooks McGuire, librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; Ruth Hill Viguers, lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College.

—Frances Lander Spain,
*Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

**LEE PO'S SEARCH.** *By Hester Hawkes. Illustrated by Haris Petie. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. Lee Po's search for firewood on Ta-Shan was so unsuccessful that his sister was sent with him to help look for the roots and branches to heat their home and cook their meals. The mountain was barren of wood, but when Mai saw Lee Po's secret friends—the fish, the pheasant, and the squirrel—her sharp eyes also discovered snails for their empty larder, feathers which could be sold, and coal to warm their home. Young children will enjoy reading about this small Chinese boy and his little outdoor friends. Haris Petie's drawings add flavor to the story.

—Sarah Jones.

**THROW A KISS, HARRY.** *Story and illustrations by Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $1.25. Another of Mary Chalmers's "little" books for the youngest children, this one tells of a kitten that goes out with his mother. While she talks with a friend, Harry climbs to the top of a house and has to be rescued by the local fire department. His mother suggests that he throw a kiss to the firemen, but, like any young child, Harry refuses, and not until everyone has gone does he do so. The book is entirely childlike in size and concept.

—F. L. S.

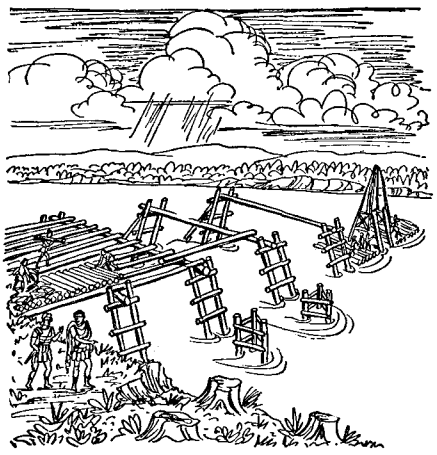
**ALONG CAME A DOG.** *By Meindert DeJong. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* $2.75. Barnyard life, realistically portrayed, is the setting for this simple story. The drama revolves chiefly around a stray dog with an overwhelming need for a home, who offers friendliness and protection to a frequently despotic red hen, victimized by the flock because an accident changed her. There is also the man who is kind and to whom the dog wishes to belong, but who does not want to accept the stray for others of his kind had destroyed his hens.

It is a poignant tale, rich in characterization and sensitively told, which moves dramatically toward an eventual happy conclusion. Mr. Sendak's drawings sustain the mood so that there is a fine blend between text and pictures.

—Julia Jussim Brody.

**RIVER-MINDED BOY.** *By Mary Calhoun. Illustrated by William R. Lohse. Morrow.* $2.75. The lure of life on a Mississippi River towboat is used to capture the interest of the ten- to thirteen-year-old reader. Rone, a thirteen-year-old boy, is given a chance to work one summer on the *Black Hawk*. His adventures move along swiftly, though obviously, to a climactic and almost melodramatic end. This book will appeal to the average reader looking for a modern boys' story.

—Alice Lohrer.



—From "Engineers Did It."

"Caesar's Bridge Across the Rhine."

**MYSTERY AT SHADOW POND.** *By Mary C. Jane. Illustrated by Raymond Abel. Lippincott.* $2.50. Neale and Margie Lawson are heartbroken when they find that their home on the shore and their beloved horse, Firefly, must be sold. The mystery of the visitor in the red car and the strange actions of their miser neighbor take on new meaning when a friendly artist suggests the possible value of some letters that belonged to their grandfather. The search for the miser's cat leads to the missing letters and to a better understanding of human nature. The insatiable young readers of mystery stories will welcome this title.

—S. J.

**STRANGERS IN SKYE.** *By Mabel Esther Allan. Criterion.* $3.50. Ordered by her doctor to give her eyes a complete rest for the summer, Elizabeth Falcon reluctantly left her books and studies in London to assist her older brother in managing a new youth hostel on the Isle of Skye. She experienced the wonder of the mountains and the satisfaction of becoming a climber herself; she coped with the antagonism of some of the natives and found friends among others, and had a summer full of excitement, variety, and, eventually, romance.

While written to pattern, with characters that are types rather than people, the book is superior to the usual teen-age romances.

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

**YOUNG MIKE FINK.** *By Zachary Ball. Portrait by Paul Lantz. Holiday House.* $2.95. Zachary Ball has described the possible life and adventures of Mike Fink from his early boyhood through his first voyage as a member of a keelboat crew. Against the back drop of the raw and boisterous river town of Pittsburgh, Mike Fink grows into a skilled woodsman, a dead shot, and a rough and tumble fighter.

His fight which earns him a place on the *Iroquoise*, his success with Bang All at the shooting match, the fight with pirates at Cave-in-Rock, and others of the usual tales are included. While this book adds very little to the already existing lore about this famed river man, young boys will enjoy still another Mike

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Fink, though the dialect may interfere with easy reading. —S. J.

**CHINGO SMITH OF THE ERIE CANAL.** *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Illustrated by Leonard Vosburgh. Random House.* $2.95. Though small for his age, Chingo Smith was fired by tales of the fabulous Erie Canal with an ambition to become a canal boat captain. But the muddy ditch he saw in Rome was so disappointing that he put the canal behind him and set off to make a living elsewhere. When Chingo again saw the Grand Erie Canal it was more wonderful than he had imagined possible. The adventures that followed gave him the opportunity to test his ingenuity and brought about the realization of his dreams.

The excitement of the era is in this story. It has well-realized characters, fast action, and lots of humor. And Chingo himself is a boy worth knowing. —R. H. V.

**THE STORY OF EYES.** *By S. Sutton-Vane. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* $3.50. This is the fascinating story of vision, from the world's early days when some microscopic forms of undersea life became sensitive to light, through the great span of evolution to man and his remarkable structure for vision, his eyes. There is also a chapter on the history of lenses and another that speculates on what may happen to man's eyes when he journeys into space. One moves through this distinguished book with unwavering attention, stopping only to linger over those beautifully balanced drawings by Ravielli.

For the discriminating older child who is interested in various aspects of the evolutionary theory, this will make exciting reading. A bibliography and index are included. —J. J. B.

**ENERGY AND POWER.** *By Robert Irving. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Knopf.* $2.75. Robert Irving has made another successful contribution to the growing library of simple, illuminating books in the field of modern science for young people. This new title describes the sources of energy and power and shows how man has harnessed them to his daily work. The author's explanations are so clear and nontechnical through the use of homely analogies and illustrations from the everyday world that children can readily understand difficult scientific concepts. The final chapter discusses future sources of energy—the sun, the sea, even heat from cold—in order to give some hint of what power sources of the future will be like. Recommended for children's and elementary school libraries.

—Alice Brooks McGuire.

**FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE.** *By Lynn Poole. Illustrated by Sam Citron. Whittlesey House.* $3.25. Some outstanding recent advances made in many fields of scientific research, such as atomics, utilization of waste materials, harnessing of solar energy, computers, miniaturization of complex equipment, geobotany, medicine, and others, are recounted in this stimulating book. Lynn Poole, a veteran of science writing for children, emphasizes throughout that, although these are the latest discoveries, they are only frontiers of the wonderful lands of scientific exploration that the imaginative child of today will enter tomorrow.

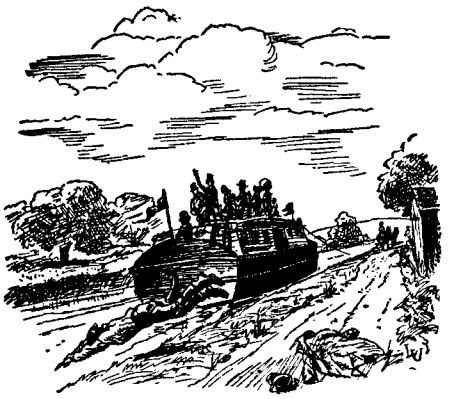
This will probably appeal to a wide age range once children look beyond the format to the wealth of material so interestingly presented. The many diagrams and illustrations, as well as the index, are useful supplements to the text. —J. J. B.

**THE FIRST BOOK OF ENGLAND.** *By Noel Streatfield. Illustrations by Gioia Fiammenghi. Franklin Watts.* $1.95. The English author of a number of well-known children's books—"Ballet Shoes," "Theater Shoes," etc.—has here presented a short introduction to England and the English people for children in the early grades. The government, the place of the royal family in the lives of the people, unique customs and holidays, some famous men and women, and some interesting places to visit are all touched upon briefly. She sees her own people objectively but warmly and brings out what is most likely to interest American children. There are numerous amusing illustrations. —R. H. V.

**ENGINEERS DID IT.** *By Duane Bradley. Illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss. Lippincott.* $2.95. Duane Bradley says, "Engineers are men with wings on their minds. These wings are courage and imagination." With these gifts great individuals through the ages have accomplished seemingly impossible feats, despite overwhelming odds. Here are stories about the Egyptian pyramids, the famed Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the first Atlantic cable, the Brooklyn Bridge, and other monuments to man's ingenuity. They are told in a simple, yet lively, enthusiastic style which will appeal even to the younger child who has mastered the mechanics of reading. In addition, the format is pleasant, with large, clear print and line drawings.

—J. J. B.

**A BEAVER'S STORY.** *By Emil E. Liers. Illustrated by Ray Sherin. Viking.* $3. With great sensitivity and keenness of observation Emil Liers gives to children a wonderful and fascinating



*—From "Chingo Smith of the Erie Canal."*

true-to-life nature story. A mother beaver with four fatherless kits to raise is befriended by a handsome male beaver who proves, through his care and love for his adopted and his own family, to be a wise and courageous father and a loyal helpmate. The book is beautifully written and would be enjoyed by the entire family if read aloud. Ray Sherin's detailed black-and-white illustrations combine to make this a distinguished book.

—A. L.

**FROM KITE TO KITTY HAWK.** *By Richard W. Bishop. Illustrated by John Teppich. Crowell.* $3. Man has always dreamed of soaring into the sky, and even in legend there are examples such as the ill-fated flight of Icarus. Here is a record of many milestones toward the realization of that dream from Leonardo da Vinci's scientific thoughts on flight, through the pioneering work of the Montgolfier brothers to that day at Kitty Hawk when powered flight by the Wright brothers opened the gateway to modern aviation. —J. J. B.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 783

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 783 will be found in the next issue.*

TABV:- E LVBNAK QXA

OEZIN QXVK DAP QHNX

XHJ OA ZHNOVK.

—EJTBANV THVBUV.

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 782***

To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

—Oscar Wilde.

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USA

# The Red Brick Jungle

***"Hell's Kitchen," by Richard O'Connor*** *(Lippincott. 249 pp. $4.95), tells of one of Manhattan's most distinctive locales in its infamous heyday. Benjamin Appel, our reviewer, is the author of the short-story collection "Hell's Kitchen."*

By Benjamin Appel

WHEN I was a kid in Hell's Kitchen, it was another town within the Big Town of New York City, a slum township five avenues wide, stretching west of Eighth Avenue over to Twelfth Avenue and the river. Its southern boundary was the railroad yards on Thirty-third Street where Hell's Dining Room or Chelsea began. But nobody agreed as to how far north the Kitchen extended. Some said, "Just as far as you can pitch a baseball from the corner of Forty-second." The purists, however, insisted that beyond Forty-sixth or Forty-seventh Street a man would be in Hell's Parlor, and although the Parlor was tough, no denying it, it was still not the Kitchen. I mention this bit of folklore for all sorts of learned and unlearned reasons. It illustrates the intense small-townish feelings of a neighborhood that today has gone with the mythical five-cent Havana.

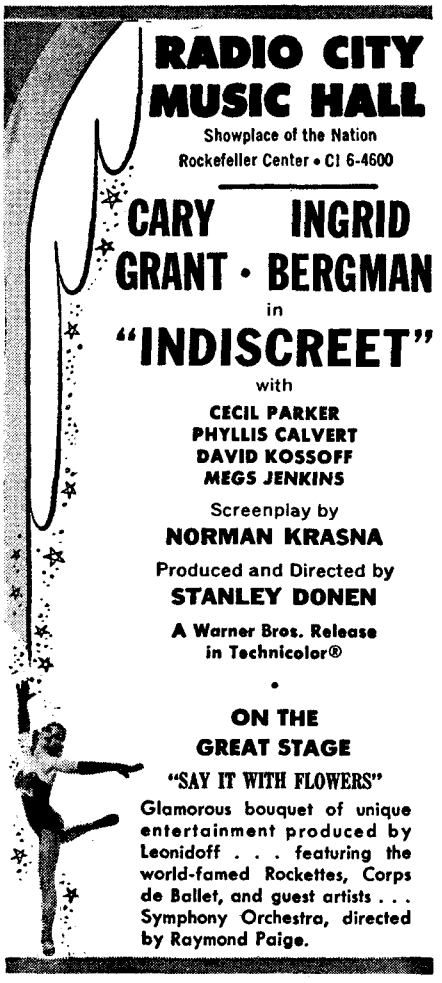
Richard O'Connor's book about Hell's Kitchen is lively and solidly documented. He tells us that until 1851 this section of old New York was called Bloemendael or "Vale of Flowers" by the Dutch. The advent of the new Hudson River railroad uprooted the flowers. By the time of the Civil War the tenements of Hell's Kitchen had become "one of the most wretched slums in North America." The slumees, mostly Irish and German, worked in the distilleries, slaughter-houses, iron factories, etc. They were dirt poor and, as Richard O'Connor observes, "The poor only knew that when they needed a relative sprung from the Tombs or a few buckets of coal . . . it was the Tammany district leader who came to their rescue."

When Methodist Bishop Simpson orated "that the prostitutes outnumbered the Methodists in the city," the people of Hell's Kitchen yawned as they would yawn decade after decade. They knew what the reformers and the righteous didn't know: prostitutes and pickpockets belonged in the same world as politicians and policemen. Richard O'Connor sees this interesting little fact with the clear eye of a Lincoln Steffens. He doesn't cut as deep, but, thank heavens, he never sheds a tear as so many writers do over the poor, misunderstood cutthroat who, after all, was a baby like the rest of us.

He reports on the Tenderloin, that vanished world of gaslight lobster palaces, and its gilded sweethearts, many of whom had grown up as gutter lilies in the adjoining Kitchen. Here they are, the madams and Fifth Avenue sports, the politicians and police who taxed everybody with a fat wallet, the reformers who periodically invaded Hell's Kitchen. Richard O'Connor quotes from the books of investigators, police chiefs, and missionaries in black cloth. He skilfully uses the fervid prose of another century—"It is these forlorn creatures whose naked feet smear the gutter ice with blood . . ."—to counterpoint his own cooler comments.

The gangs parade down his pages. The Forty Little Thieves and Little Dead Rabbits, the Gophers, and the Prohibition-time mobsters in gray spats—they are all here: from One Lung Curran, who blackjacked a policeman for his blue overcoat, which he gave to his girl, who had it tailored into a lady's smart coat, to Mad Dog Coll, who was shot and killed in 1932.

Hell's Kitchen—another vanished corner of big, brawling changing New York City. Just as the erection of the cloak-and-suit lofts "cleaned up" the Tenderloin, so the wrecker's ball and jackhammer is knocking the hell out of old Hell's Kitchen. Make way for parking lots and garages and restaurants and hotels to service Broadway west of Eighth Avenue! Today in the surviving tenements where first the Irish and Germans lived, where in the pre-World War I years a dozen nationalities had migrated to Dublin-in-America, there now live the newest settlers, the Puerto Ricans and stage-struck and city-struck kids from all over the country. The red-brick jungle of Hell's Kitchen will soon become an entertainment-land myth. It is good to have Richard O'Connor's book. No fable can ever beat the facts, and that's what Mr. O'Connor gives us—the fabulous facts.

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# Battle of the Beef

***"The Cattlemen," by Mari Sandoz** (Hastings House. 527 pp. $6.50), is an account of the American frontier and frontiersmen, in the days when cattle roamed the ranges. It is reviewed by J. Frank Dobie, author of "On the Open Range," "The Longhorns," and other books about the West.*

By J. Frank Dobie

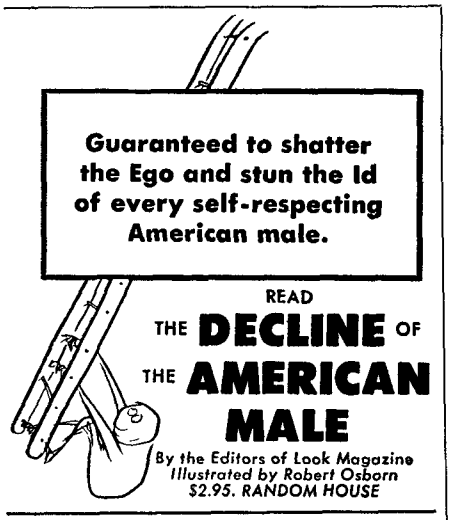
OLD Jules, father of Mari Sandoz (about whom she wrote that biography of pitiless realism), located and surveyed homesteads out of the public domain. This was in the sandhill country of Nebraska—the Sandoz country—notable for grass and for illegal fencing of the range by cowmen. Old Jules was against the illegal fencers. His brother, a squatter, was murdered by some killer hired by the fencers.

"The Cattlemen," by Mari Sandoz, is another essay, following Paul Wellman's "The Trampling Herd," at summing up the whole drama of cows and cow people—women excluded—on the ranges of western America. It begins with a good deal of fancifulness over the first Spanish cattle and ends with the contemporary "ritual" of rodeo riding and roping. The best part of the book is laid in the part of the country with which, despite dutiful reading, Mari Sandoz is most familiar—Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana—the setting for the stronger parts of her books on Crazy Horse, the buffalo hunters, the Cheyennes, and Old Jules, her masterpiece.

Miss Sandoz uses the word *dedicated* over and over in subtitles and as a kind of Homeric epithet for certain cowmen. In her sense, Silas Marner could be called a "dedicated" man. She herself seems particularly dedicated to killings in Kansas cow towns and to the lot of smoke and comparatively little blood-letting of the so-called Johnson County War (by big cowmen and politicians against homesteaders and thieves) in Wyoming. Some of her chapters are easily recognizable rewrites of standard books on the range. It would be interesting to have the sources specified for a rather extended account of Print Olive—a tough cowman from Texas who got tougher in Nebraska. I don't think any authority could be cited for statements that Texas granted a syndicate 500,000 acres (actually 40,000 acres) to survey what became the 3,000,000-acre XIT Ranch, and that brush poppers in lower Texas leap from horses to bulldog outlaw steers in the way Bill Pickett bulldogged for the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. Although she uses the word, Miss Sandoz surely knows that "cowpoke" is recent journalistic jargon. No real range man has ever called himself a cowpoke.

Miss Sandoz is very hard on John Clay, who managed vast ranges and herds for British investors. She's rather against all British investors in cattle and land—all vanished long ago. John Clay did represent hard money; he also represented the civilized elements that entered into the cow business, mostly in the Northwest. And Clay's "My Life on the Range" has an urbanity and a sense of the beautiful that few other books on the cattle country show any awareness of.

"The Cattlemen" is uneven both historically and stylistically. One of the high spots is the description of the big die-up of 1886-1887, some of the best of the description taken without a thank you from Granville Stuart's "Forty Years on the Frontier," though that excellent book is listed in a Mother Hubbard kind of bibliography. Maybe I have read too many books about cows and cow people. I'm looking for something fresh in treatment. I'm tired of the same old dance to the same old tune.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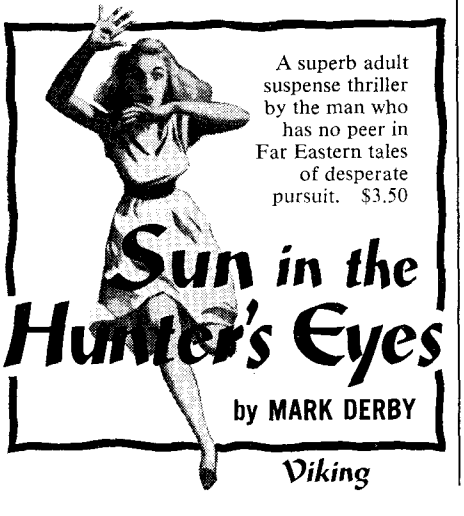
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Sun in the Hunter's Eyes
by MARK DERBY
Viking


# Personal History

*Continued from page 16*

Publications, $6), a unique biography of a young man who wanted to be the William Allen White of his generation. Had his life not been cut short in a boating accident at the age of forty, John McClane Clark might well have achieved this goal. As editor of the Claremont, N.H. *Eagle,* and the possessor of that rare combination of small-town folksiness and the world view, Clark was just what postwar New England needed.

A graduate of Dartmouth ('32), he started his career at the top and worked down—deliberately. At twenty-three he was writing editorials for the *Washington Post.* He became, in succession, a Nieman fellow at Harvard, aide to John G. Winant in the International Labor Office, troubleshooter for Nelson Rockefeller in South America, and (during the war) an OSS "agent" in Europe. In 1946, the *Boston Herald* offered him its editorship. He refused. "John discovered that while there were many newspaper empires there was only one Emporia," Mr. Bradley writes.

"Journey of a Johnny-Come-Lately" is the title of a column Clark wrote in the *Eagle*, and there is no doubt that he "came lately" to a way of life that appeared to satisfy him immensely. What he attempted to do, and what he succeeded in doing, within limits, was to impose his personality on the *Eagle*, to restore the vanishing quality of personal journalism in the small-town daily newspaper.

There is a temptation for the biographer of a "memorial" volume of this kind to glorify his subject. Mr. Bradley writes with restraint, letting Clark's career speak for itself—for that matter, letting Clark himself speak whenever possible. He did not have a great mind nor did he pretend to; what he did have was the spirit of an uncorruptible human being, with the courage to be himself.

Weighing on him throughout—and it is implicit in every page of Mr. Bradley's book—was the burden of a generation that had been called upon to do more than any generation of American young men in our history. I have a feeling that John Clark never completely resolved the conflicts in himself that this imposed. It was in attempting to do this that he became the representative "man of conscience" who is worth remembering.

—David Dempsey.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 20, 2, 5, 12, 16, 3, 10, 17, 4, 9, 11, 19, 7, 14, 18, 13, 1, 15, 8.

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# Art

*Continued from page 21*

"formal unity" or the repeated "compulsion and poetic urgency" become utterly meaningless.

In Sig. Ballo's rather detailed chronological table no mention is made of the American pavilion in the 1950 Venice Biennale, which provided Italian artists with their first opportunity to examine a large group of paintings by Pollock, Gorky, and de Kooning. That is a curious omission in view of the acknowledged influence of American abstract painting on the contemporary Italians. Our abstract expressionism is the main inspiration of the new dynamism and freedom apparent in the recent, excellent paintings of Scialoja, Vedova, Afro, and others, who now seem to represent the brightest hopes of Italian painting.

**ART, ARTISTS, AND AMERICANA:** Alexander Eliot's **"Three Hundred Years of American Painting"** (Random House, $13.50) is a superb contribution to all-America's grasp of its artistic heritage. The works represented are splendidly reproduced. The selection of artists is intelligent and logical, even though this reviewer would wish, wistfully perhaps, for fewer Catlins and more influence-bearing academicians such as Bridgeman, Wayman Adams, and Follinsbee.

Taken by themselves, Mr. Eliot's excursions into the personal lives of American painters are fascinating and instructive. They reflect an awesome amount of research and speak well for the author's scholarship. But, if there is any place to cavil it is here. Mr. Eliot, in indexing American art for middlebrow America, has overlooked the most elementary axiom of the graphic dimension: a single picture is worth a thousand words.

Too much attachment to painter personality tends to predispose or even prejudice the picture-viewer's pure sense of empathy and evaluation. We should not, unless we are working members of the paint and palette clan, be on intimate terms with the great creators. It is their work by which we should know them. Their motivations should be left to limbo. Were this monumental work aimed only at painters and the community of painting, there would be no quibble. The anecdotes are delightful, revealing, and skilful. But the presentation is broader. Mr. Eliot's thesis is being promoted by his publishers as an educational volume—as an art-appreciation vehicle. As such there might be greater emphasis on picture analysis and criticism than on the virtues and foibles of the mortals who painted them.

To this reviewer's mind the canvas is the thing. The yet-unsophisticated, undedicated, and uncommitted student or casual appreciator should see each painting as a portrayal in paint executed by an individual with a compulsion to say something for all time. The reader's judgment of triumph or failure should not be influenced by the artist's personal life as the reader interprets it.

Having stated the single negative it is doubly important to say again that this is an over-all excellent work which deserves a prominent place on the shelves of anybody with an abiding interest in art, artists, and Americana.

Altogether, Mr. Eliot has done American painting a service. The only carp is that his splendid volume could have been more analytical and less anecdotal. Or to put it more succinctly, "Three Hundred Years of American Painting" is fetchingly illustrated, but overtexted, a criticism which Mr. Eliot, as art editor of *Time*, will understand, I am sure. Still, good marks to him and to *Time* for making this handsome book possible.

—ANDERSON F. HEWITT.


Random House Books

**Man in Modern Fiction**

**By EDMUND FULLER.** A devastating dissection of some current literary fashions. Vigorous, iconoclastic and witty appraisals of James Jones, Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, Tennessee Williams, Herman Wouk, Jack Kerouac, the concept of the "beat" generation, the "new compassion," sex and censorship, conformity. *$3.50*

**Poems of a Jew**

**By KARL SHAPIRO.** In his introduction to this volume, which contains a number of new poems that have not previously appeared in book form, Mr. Shapiro writes: "The poems here were written over a long period of time and are extracted mostly from volumes which have nothing to do with the present theme. But the undercurrent of all my poems is the theme of the Jew, and for this reason I collect these examples now as a separate presentation." *$3.50*

**Selected Essays by Robert Penn Warren**

Here is a selection of ten of Mr. Warren's most important literary essays, never before collected in a single volume. The quintessence of his critical output, these pieces examine the work of Coleridge, Melville, Conrad, Robert Frost, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway and Katherine Ann Porter. *$4.00*

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# Dialogue in Warsaw

*Continued from page* 11

edge contrary to the laws of humanity."

The meeting then considered the particular needs of the Polish ladies. The more we discussed the problem, the more uncertain we were as to how we might best help. In the case of the Hiroshima girls, we had plastic and reconstructive surgery to offer. We also had home care and educational facilities. But the Polish ladies were now middle-aged, most of them. Many of them were married. Would they want to come to the United States? Even if they did, was there anything that American doctors or surgeons could do for them that could not be done for them at home, assuming the means were available?

It was for the purpose of getting as many answers as possible to these questions that the group authorized my trip to Poland. Two weeks later, I was on my way to Warsaw.

THE BEA Viscount that flew us from London to Warsaw was only half full. Among my flying companions were a half dozen Frenchmen, several Englishmen, a few Poles, and two Russians. The flight took three hours and fifteen minutes. Service and food were excellent.

When the plane put down at Warsaw, there was a brief wait for customs inspection in order to accommodate another flight that had just landed. When our names were called, individually, we went into the room for customs. My bags were immediately initialed without inspection by an official. No questions were asked. I observed that everyone else was clearing customs with similar dispatch.

A Polish porter, speaking German, took my bags and escorted me to a cab. It looked like a ten-year-old Chevrolet but I later learned that Poland produces several automobiles that closely resemble the American makes. The driver knew no English or French. I knew no Polish. We navigated in sailor's German.

As we approached the city, I was stunned by the raw evidence of bombing from the war—still starkly visible after thirteen years. Not since I had been in Berlin in 1948 had I seen so many empty shells of buildings. When I commented on this to my Polish driver, he was amazed and said I should have seen it in 1945. Then, the entire city was just one mass of charred and smoking rubble.

We neared the heart of the city. Rising from the surrounding bleakness was a massive white skyscraper. It was not unimpressive in terms of sheer power but as architecture it was grimly inartistic. The driver called my attention to the fact that it was some forty stories high, was called the Palace of Culture, was modelled after Moscow University, and was a gift to the Polish people from Joseph Stalin.

"Of course," he said wryly, "we paid for it."

As soon as we arrived at the Hotel Bristol and checked in, I started my telephoning. Miss Ferriday had given me the addresses of the girls and also the names of the officials in an organization called ZBOWID, the association for concentration camp survivors. After almost three hours of fruitless efforts to reach people by telephone, I gave up and went to see the American Ballet Theatre at the Palace of Culture, as related in a recent issue of *SR*.

The next morning I paid my respects to the American Embassy, which offered its assistance and which helped arrange for the services of an interpreter, Mrs. Maria Frubowa, who worked in this capacity for various embassies. Returning to the hotel, I had the good fortune to meet the head of the Indian Embassy, S. K. Roy, who proved to be of vast help during my brief visit. Mr. Roy had his staff check on the whereabouts of the various persons it was essential for me to see.

It began to appear that just making contact—either with ZBOWID officials or the ladies themselves—was a fairly complicated affair. Mr. Roy counseled patience. He also suggested that the best way to get in touch with the Polish ladies would be to call on them. Mrs. Frubowa readily supported this advice.

WE WENT over the list of Ravensbrueck Lapins and selected several names for our initial visits. The name that headed the list was that of Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa. She had been in direct correspondence with Caroline Ferriday; her letters had been crisp, clear, purposeful. Moreover, I had come across her name in the testimony at the Nuremberg Trials. Her injuries were among the most serious of the group, and she had kept a precise record of what had happened.

In my briefcase, I carried with me part of the Nuremberg Trial transcript relating to Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa. I took it out and re-read it. The prosecutor was Alexander G. Hardy, of Boston. Miss Dzido was the witness. From the transcript:

> Q. Were you ever operated on in the Ravensbrueck concentration camp?
>
> A. I was operated on in November 1942.
>
> Q. Will you kindly explain the circumstances of this operation to the Tribunal?
>
> A. In 1942, great hunger and terror reigned in the camp. The Germans were at the zenith of their power. You could see haughtiness and pride on the face of every SS woman. We were told every day that we were nothing but numbers, that we had to forget that we were human beings, that we had nobody to think of us, that we would never return to our country, that we were slaves, and that we had only to work. We were not allowed to smile, to cry, or to pray. We were not allowed to defend ourselves when we were beaten. There was no hope of going back to my country.
>
> Q. Now, witness, did you say that you were operated on in the Ravensbrueck concentration camp on November, 1942?
>
> A. Yes.
>
> Q. Now . . . will you kindly tell the Tribunal all that happened during that time?
>
> A. That day the policewoman—camp policewoman—came with a piece of paper where my name was written down. The policewoman told us to follow her. When I asked her where we were going, she told me she didn't know. She took us to the hospital. I didn't know what was going to happen to me. It might have been an execution, transport for work, or an operation.
>
> Dr. Oberheuser appeared and told me to undress and examined me. Then I was X-rayed. I stayed in the hospital. My dress was taken away from me. I was operated on 22 November, 1942, in the morning. A German nurse came, shaved my legs, and gave me something to drink. When I asked her what she was going to do with me, she did not give me any answer.
>
> In the afternoon I was taken to the operating room on a small hospital trolley. I must have been very exhausted and tired and that is why I don't remember whether I got an injection or whether a mask was put on my face . . .
>
> Q. Witness, how many times were you operated on?
>
> A. Once.
>
> Q. When Dr. Oberheuser attended you, was she gentle in her treatment toward you?
>
> A. She was not bad.
>
> Q. Do you remember what time your friends were called to be operated on in August of 1943?
>
> A. Yes.
>
> Q. Will you kindly tell the Tribunal some of the details . . . ?
>
> A. In the spring of 1943 the operations were stopped. We thought we could live like that till the end of the war. On the 15th of August a policewoman came and called ten girls. When

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she was asked what for, she answered that we were going to be sent to work. . . . We didn't want to let our comrades out of the block. The policewoman came, and the assistants, the overseers, and with them Binz. We were driven out of the block into the street. We stood there in line 10 at a time and Binz herself read off the names of ten girls. When they refused to go because they were afraid of a new operation and were not willing to undergo a new operation, she herself gave her word of honor that it was not going to be an operation and she told them to follow her.

We remained standing before the block. . . . The camp police arrived and drove our comrades out of the line. We were locked in the block. The shutters were closed. We were three days without any food and without any fresh air. . . .

The first day the camp commandant and Binz came and made a speech. The camp commandant said that there had never been a revolt in the camp and that this revolt must be punished. She believed that we would reform and that we would never repeat it. If it were to happen again, she had SS people with weapons.

MY COMRADE, who knew German, answered that we were not revolting, that we didn't want to be operated on because five of us died after the operation and because six had been shot down after having suffered so much.

Then Binz replied: "Death is victory. You must suffer for it and you will never get out of the camp."

Three days later, we learned that our comrades had been operated on in the bunker.

Q. Now, Witness, how many women, approximately, were operated on in Ravensbrueck?

A. At Ravensbrueck, 74 women were operated on. Many of them underwent many operations.

Q. Now, you have told us that five died as a result of the operations; is that correct?

A. Yes.

Q. And another six were shot down after the operations; is that correct?

A. Yes.

Q. Witness, were any of these victims asked to volunteer for these operations?

A. No.

Q. Do you still suffer any effects as a result of the operation?

A. Yes.

In Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa's letters to Caroline Ferriday, it was clear that she considered herself among the fortunate ones. Some of the girls had been subject to repeated experiments. Wladislawa Karolewska, for example, had six operations in rapid succession. An excerpt from Miss Karolewska's testimony at Nuremberg:

A German nurse then came and gave me an injection in the leg. After this injection I vomited and grew weak. I was then placed on a wheeled stretcher and taken to the operating room. There Dr. Schiedlausky and Dr. Rosenthal gave me a second intravenous injection, into the arm. Shortly before, I saw Dr. Fischer leave the operating room. He was wearing surgical gloves.

I then lost consciousness and when I awoke I noticed that I was in an ordinary hospital room. After some time I regained consciousness and felt severe pains in my leg. . . . I noticed that my leg was in a cast from ankle to knee. The pains in the foot were very severe and I had a high fever. I also noticed that my leg was swollen from toe to hip. The pains increased more and more and the temperature rose too, and the next day I noticed that some fluid was draining from my leg. On the third day I was placed on a wheeled stretcher and taken to the dressing room. There I again saw Dr. Fischer. He wore an operating gown and had rubber gloves on his hands. A blanket was drawn over my eyes and I did not know what was done to my leg. But I felt great pain and had the impression that something was being cut out of my leg. Present were Drs. Schiedlausky, Rosenthal, and Oberheuser. When the dressing had been changed, I was taken back to the ordinary hospital room. Three days later I was again taken to the dressing room. The dressing was changed by Dr. Fischer with the aid of the doctors mentioned, my eyes again having been covered. I was taken back to my usual hospital room. Later dressings were applied by camp physicians. Two weeks later we were all again taken to the operating room and placed on an operating table.

The dressing was removed, and for the first time I again saw my own leg. The incision was so deep that I could see the bone itself. We were told that the Hohenlychen physician, Dr. Gebhardt, would come to examine us. We waited three hours for his arrival while lying on the tables. When he came, a sheet was spread over our eyes. . . . Then we were taken back to our rooms. On September 8, I was sent back to the block. I could not walk. Pus flowed from my leg and I was unable to walk. In the block I stayed in bed for a week. Then I was again called to the hospital, and since I could not walk my fellow inmates carried me. In the hospital I met a few of my fellow prisoners who were there after the operation. I was sure I would now be executed. For outside the hall I saw drawn up the ambulance used by the Germans to take away persons selected for execution. We were taken to the dressing room, where Drs. Oberheuser and Schiedlausky examined our legs. We were again put to bed.

That same afternoon I was taken to the operating room and the second operation on my leg was performed. As before, I was put to sleep by means of an injection. This time I again saw Dr. Fischer. I woke up in the ordinary hospital room. I felt still sharper pain and was running a temperature. The symptoms were the same. The leg was swollen and full of pus.

After this operation the dressings were changed by Dr. Fischer, every three days. After more than ten days we were again taken to the operating room, and it was announced that Dr. Gebhardt would come to examine our legs. We waited a long time, and then he came and examined our legs while our eyes were covered.

On our way to call on Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa, we passed through what was once the Warsaw Ghetto. Shortly after the war began, some 450,000 Polish Jews were sealed into the Ghetto. The area was leveled. A dozen or so persons survived.

"The horror the Polish people suffered during the war was bad enough," Mrs. Frubowa said, "but it was multiplied for the Jewish people. You can't blame the Jews who are still in Poland for wanting to emigrate to a state of their own."

Almost all the Ravensbrueck Lapins, I recalled, were Catholic. Few Jewish girls from Poland lived to tell the story of their concentration camp ordeal.

Just before our car drove up to the four-story housing development where Mrs. Dzido-Hassa lived, Mrs. Frubowa gave me some essential background.

"DON'T be surprised if you have some difficulty in exchanging views with these ladies," she said. "After all, the outside world has shown very little interest so far in what has happened to us. Germany today is the most prosperous nation in Europe, but this country, which Germany overran and razed, is still struggling to get back on its feet.

"You can stop any man on the street and you will discover that he lost one or more immediate members of his family during the war or after. Warsaw has been occupied twice—first by the Germans then by the Russians. It hasn't been just a matter of people passing through. We have

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lived with death and it has become very familiar to us.

"During the war, my father tried to keep up our hopes by saying that the outside world would step in to save us. Then one afternoon I returned home and found the bodies of my father and brother; they had been shot by the Germans. Our house had been razed. My mother and I fled from the city. We crammed our way into a freight car packed with other people. When the train got to the country, we were pushed out. We lived on one farm or another until the end of the war. What happened to us was mild compared to most of the others.

"You must understand this. You must understand that the last war wasn't the first time the Germans spread death through Poland. This is what our history has been full of. We love our freedom. I think we have proved that. But there is the feeling that people on the outside don't really care very much. You will probably find this feeling especially strong in the case of the ladies who suffered in the surgical experiments fifteen years ago and are still waiting for help."

The impact of what Mrs. Frubowa said was with me as we climbed the stairs to Mrs. Dzido-Hassa's apartment. An elderly lady came to the door and said that Mrs. Dzido-Hassa was working and would not be home until late that afternoon.

We left a message saying I was hopeful that Mrs. Dzido-Hassa might meet with me at the Hotel Bristol at six p.m. that evening. I also expressed the hope that she might be able to bring with her some of the other Polish ladies who were in her group.

Mrs. Frubowa and I then drove to several other addresses on the list of the Lapins. In each instance, there was either no reply or the person we sought was not at home. We returned to the hotel, then succeeded in telephoning some of the officials of ZBOWID. A meeting with them was arranged for the following morning.

SHORTLY before six that evening, the telephone in the room rang to announce that two Polish ladies had arrived. When they came upstairs I was delighted to learn that one of them was Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa. She had an alert and compassionate face. There was a sadness around the eyes but her manner was gracious and cordial. I judged her to be just under forty. Apart from the fact that she walked with a slight limp, I could not have detected anything wrong with her.

The other lady, Mrs. Stanislawa Czajkowska-Bafia, of approximately the same age, was shy but gracious in manner. She was earnest without being intense. I saw no limp or other visible infirmity.

Acting on the advice of Mrs. Frubowa, I approached the subject slowly and carefully. I spoke of the background of my visit. I told of Miss Ferriday and her hope that something similar to what had been done for the Hiroshima Maidens might be done in their case. My purpose in coming to Poland was to find out the kind of help they felt they needed.

I noticed that Mrs. Frubowa, in interpreting, was doing everything possible to win the confidence of the ladies.

After I completed what I had to say, the response was slow in coming. The ladies looked at each other and seemed reluctant to speak.

Mrs. Frubowa spoke reassuringly to them in Polish. They replied courteously, but very briefly.

Mrs. Frubowa turned to me. "I am sorry to have to tell you this," she said, "but I am afraid that it may be of no use. These ladies have used up all their hope. I don't think they believe the offer of help is true. As I told you earlier, you must understand how strange it must sound to them after all these years when someone comes from the United States and holds out his hand. I honestly don't think they believe what you say is real."

Something a Polish friend in the United States had told me just before I left for Warsaw came to mind. He said that the ladies would probably suspect a trick. After living for so many years in an occupied nation, your eyes are constantly looking back over your shoulder. How could the ladies be sure I wasn't trying to get them to complain, then use the information against them?

And so, once again, I spoke of all the persons in our little group back in the United States—who they were, what they did, why they stood ready to help if such help were desired and was within their power to give. I spoke particularly about the experiences with the Hiroshima girls—the great joy they had brought with them into American homes, and the feeling of gratitude towards them that was known by the families with whom they lived.

Reading the faces of the ladies, as I began to speak, I could see that Mrs. Frubowa was right; they *were* afraid to hope. Fifteen years is a long time; after one makes his peace with hopelessness it is somewhat easier to come to terms with grim reality.

When I got through this time, I could tell that some strands of connection were taking shape. The faces of the two ladies showed that they were sympathizing with me in my effort to make what I had to say seem real.

Mrs. Frubowa suggested to me that I might develop more fully my own motives. Was I doing this out of hate for the Nazis or what?

I TOLD the truth; namely, that the accounts of medical experimentation on human beings by the Nazi doctors produced revulsion in me but not hate. After reading the Nuremberg transcripts my feeling was not so much one of loathing for the Germans who were responsible as it was a feeling of sickness and shame for being a member of the human race. After all, the crimes at Ravensbrueck were not committed by invaders from another planet. They were conceived and carried out by people. It was too easy to seek catharsis by hating the Germans; the big problem was to make peace with oneself for belonging to the same species. The stain was large enough to include us all.

The ladies said that the question for them today had nothing to do with hate or revenge. What bothered them was that both the wounds and the accounts were still open. The German government at Bonn had accepted responsibility for having committed a serious injustice to millions of people. They had agreed to pay compensation to concentration camp sufferers. But the Ravensbrueck victims were ignored, despite repeated attempts.

What the ladies wanted most of all, therefore, was to receive the compensation and the pensions rightly due them. They were now getting a small amount out of the regular social welfare fund operated by the Polish government; but they would know no peace until Germany met its obligations.

"If the Germans pay us—as they are now paying others—this will not cause our serious illnesses to disappear. But it will at least relieve us of the terrible indignation we feel in the continuing discrimination. It is almost as though the Germans intend for us not to forget. Some of us are ill, very ill, and may not live too much longer. We would like to see justice done before we die. Can you possibly understand how we feel?"

Yes; one could understand. The episodes at Ravensbrueck were still unfinished business for the ladies and would remain so until an acknowledgment of responsibility was made. It would be a thin form of justice but it would be symbolic and would help close the psychic wound.

I asked whether the amount of

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compensation involved would be adequate for their present needs.

The reply was that the amount being paid to concentration camp survivors was extremely modest; but the same sum would enable the women to help improve the conditions of their families and to obtain the regular medical treatment that many of them required.

So far, I knew there was at least one clear answer to my questions. One way our group might help would be to bring this matter to the attention of our own government for the purpose of making representations to the German government at Bonn. Officially, there was no way the U.S. could make representations to the East German government.

ANOTHER thing the U.S. might do would be to reactivate this issue before the United Nations.

In any event, if what was needed was a hot poker to prod some consciences, we could at least attempt to heat up the coals.

Next, I asked whether the ladies had any wish to come to the United States for medical or surgical treatment. In putting this question to them I emphasized that we had no way of knowing whether this was actually possible; but we would be happy to work immediately towards that end if they wished us to do so.

Miss Dzido-Hassa and Mrs. Czajkowska leaned forward in their chairs as I spoke. I don't profess to be a student of human emotions, but I thought that I could read the stirrings of hope in the sudden way they looked up, in movements of their eyes and lips.

Mrs. Frubowa's own voice seemed to catch the new animation as she interpreted. Then, after a moment or two, the sparks seemed to die out.

"It sounds fine; but again I am afraid it may be very difficult," Mrs. Frubowa said. "I think the ladies are worried because they don't want the ZBOWID officials to think that they are going outside the authority of ZBOWID, which has been looking after their claims at Bonn. Again I ask you to understand what authority means to a people who have had the experience we have had."

At this point, Mr. Roy came into the room. I summarized the discussion so far. He said that this was exactly what was to have been expected but that he was confident a plan for important help could be established. We had to move slowly and many things had to be done; but he felt that the project would work.

He underscored the point made by Mrs. Frubowa about the fear of authority. Being under two occupations, one by Germany, the other by the Soviet, was like being caught in a giant nutcracker. The uprisings of October 1956 were the result of an intolerable situation. Great changes had taken place since then and the air was much clearer and freer than it had been in the Stalinist period. But authority still had a special meaning.

Mr. Roy asked the ladies about their relationship to ZBOWID. Then he turned to me and said it was his guess that they were also apprehensive about having the project bogged down by officialdom. There were numberless ways to slow it up or bury it.

We assured the ladies that ZBOWID was central in our thinking concerning any plans to help them; indeed, we had an appointment with the ZBOWID officials the next morning.

At this, they brightened again. Over tea and crackers, we turned from the business at hand to lighter conversation. I was happy to see that they were now relaxed. I thought, too, I could once again detect the fact that defeat was not altogether sovereign in their lives.

* * *

ZBOWID, the Association of Concentration Camp Survivors, is located on the second floor of a small office building on one of the busy side streets of Warsaw. We were ushered into the office of the director, Mr. Fuksiewicz, a vigorous, pleasant man who bid us sit down at a small conference table.

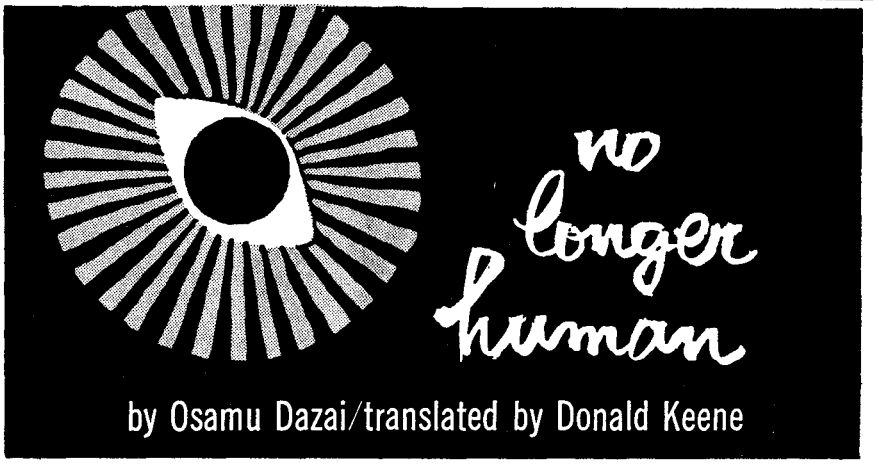
After a few minutes, we were joined by two other ZBOWID officials: Mr. Matysiak and Dr. Adam Zacharski, legal advisor to the Ravensbrueck Lapins.

As with the Polish ladies, the meeting with the ZBOWID officials quickly established that the overriding objective was to get the German government to accept its responsibility towards the girls. Numerous attempts had been made towards this end, with no success. On one occasion, the German government said it would acknowledge no responsibility to political prisoners. Since the girls had belonged to the Polish Home Army —membership in which is now a badge of high honor among the Polish people—they were designated as political prisoners by Germany.

On another occasion, the German government designated various medical examination requirements but didn't follow up on its own specifications. In any event, year after year passed and the girls had yet to be pensioned or compensated in any way. ZBOWID sent them small monthly allowances, and now the Polish government was increasing its own social welfare payments to them. But the combined purchasing power of allowances plus payments plus salaries (for those who worked) was under twenty dollars a month.

DR. ZACHARSKI was now engaged in making another direct appeal to the German government. He showed me a copy of the brief he had prepared. It was most exhaustive. I admired the presentation. I also admired Dr. Zacharski's persistence.

When the discussion turned to other ways the girls might be helped, the officials thought it would be an excellent idea if some of them could be brought to the United States. They felt that the combination of the medical treatment and a change in atmos-



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phere would make a big difference in their health and outlook.

It would also be helpful, the officials said, if essential medicines could be provided. These medicines were expensive and ordinarily beyond the reach of most people.

I asked whether clothing and food parcels would be welcome; also, whether any useful purpose would be served by establishing correspondence between the ladies and American families that were eager to maintain a direct interest in them. There was enthusiastic and affirmative response to these suggestions.

Then the discussion went into the medical problems of the victims. In terms of reconstructive surgery, the officials weren't too certain how much could be accomplished at this late date. Some cases were definitely beyond repair. As an example, they cited the case of an eighteen-year-old Polish girl who was an infant at the time she was in the concentration camp. The German doctors had used her for practice surgery. They operated on her lower digestive tract, rerouting the descending colon and establishing terminal eliminative facilities through an artificial aperture in her side, near the waist. It was doubtful whether surgery could ever restore her to normalcy.

Also, it was pointed out that nothing could be done to restore the normal reproductive process of women who had been sterilized. At some of the concentrations camps, the doctors had been ordered to work out techniques for efficient mass sterilization of "undesirable" people.

I asked the ZBOWID officials whether there had been any sexual abuses in connection with the medical experimentation. I had in mind one of the documented accounts of one of the low-temperature experiments. An attempt was made to observe the efficacy of animal heat in treating people after severe exposure to cold. A man would be stripped of his clothes and then doused repeatedly with buckets of ice water until he lost consciousness and his bodily temperature substantially reduced. While still unconscious, he would be placed in a bed between two nude women, also concentration camp prisoners, to see how rapidly their body heat would restore him to consciousness and normal functioning under the circumstances.

Apart from this, the ZBOWID officials said, there were no records of sexual abuses or perversion practiced on the girls.

I asked what had happened to the victims of medical experimentation from camps other than Ravensbrueck.

Most of them were now dead. Some of the survivors were sprinkled throughout Europe. In fact, six of the Ravensbrueck Lapins were no longer living in Poland. Altogether, including the Lapins, there were about one hundred medical experimentees now living in Poland. The Ravensbrueck Lapins were the dominant group in this category.

By the end of our meeting, it was agreed that a committee of Polish doctors would be created for the purpose of re-examining the ladies and determining which ones might be helped by surgical and medical treatment in the United States. Then, after this initial screening, some of the American surgeons and doctors would come to Warsaw to discuss the cases with the Polish medical committee and to establish their own reasonable certainty that they would be able to improve the health of the ladies.

It was also agreed that the Polish medical committee would send us specifications concerning the needs in medicines or anti-biotics for the individual girls, and that we would do our best to meet these requests.

We would also send clothes in good condition. And we would attempt to arrange for correspondents who might act as their sponsors for the girls.

I couldn't have been more pleased with the outcome of the meeting, for I felt certain that what had happened would be vastly re-assuring to the ladies. After thanking the ZBOWID officials, I left with Mrs. Frubowa.

As we walked back to the hotel, I noticed that a great change had come over Mrs. Frubowa. Her step seemed somewhat lighter. For the first time I observed a tone of racing enthusiasm.

"When we spoke to the Polish ladies, it may be that in interpreting for you I passed along my own pessimism, perhaps even more than they felt," she said. "I was trying to interpret not only their words but their mood. But now, I think all of us may have been a little too pessimistic. I really think that something is going to happen. The men at ZBOWID couldn't have been more cooperative. Now, I can hardly wait to tell the ladies the good news."

Having found the answers to most of the questions that were part of my assignment in Poland, I checked with the airlines, discovered that a non-stop flight to London, with connections to New York, was leaving within the hour. It was too late for the airport bus. Mr. Roy sent me out in his car. I arrived at the airport with four minutes to spare. The flight to New York took less than a day—an aspect of an age in which physical distances had ceased to exist but in which the human separation had seldom been greater.


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(Continued from page 37)

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

JUNE 28, 1958

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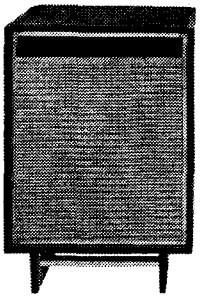
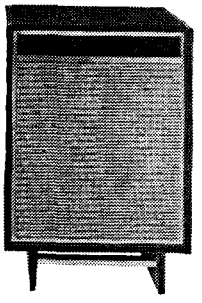


—*Basic unit.*

# OUT OF LP, SD



—*Companion speaker (Columbia).*

By IRVING KOLODIN

PERIODICALLY, in the last ten years, I have dusted off a fraying envelope in my collection of memorabilia, intending one day to open it and review the events with which it was associated. The time came, properly enough, on June 21, for that was the date in 1948 when the same envelope containing the details of Columbia's LP innovation came into my hands. But the temptation to renew acquaintance with its contents was turned aside by the appeal of a new envelope (this time from RCA Victor) which came my way a week or two ago. It spelled out this company's intentions relative to SD (stereophonic disc) and magnetized attention to the future rather than the past.

As the compilation on pages 34 and 35 discloses, that past has been a distinguished one, probably productive of more enduring recorded accomplishments than any prior span of time. I have said before, and I say again, that, *quantitatively,* the percentage of fine accomplishments (1948-58) was lower in terms of the total output than was customary when techniques were more difficult, the penalty of failure greater; but the *quality* of the best being higher than in any prior decade, substantially more things from it should endure.

Looking back to where we have been, before looking ahead to where we are going, is especially useful at this moment, when a ten-year cycle of refinement and improvement has brought the disc to another phase of its evolutionary progress. SD is no longer a promise, but a performance. I have heard enough of them (some forty-odd) from a sufficient variety of manufacturers to accept the transition as, in fact, accomplished. Some are better than others, in ways to be detailed momentarily, but that has always been the case where human faculties pass judgment on how machines perform. The better the faculties—the quality of machines being equal—the better the results. So far as techniques are concerned, there are few "well-kept secrets," and by the grace of bitter experience, no competing systems. SD, worldwide, will be keyed to the Westrex 45/45 cut, with all grooves responsive to uniform styli (the competition to house them in more responsive cartridges at lower prices can only be to the consumer's advantage).

As our compilation shows, there will be a vast array of disc performances (all those, roughly, prior to 1954 when stereo techniques began to be utilized widely in recording sessions by most major and some minor companies) which will retain their monaural exclusivity for a long time. In the case of such great artists of the postwar epoch as Toscanini and Kreisler, Lipatti and Gigli, Lehmann, Schumann, Thibaud, Koussevitzky, etc., death or retirement rules out the possibility of SD duplication. Doubtless there were some experiments involving such others (now gone) as Fürtwaengler, Kleiber, Gieseking, Argenta, Cantelli, and Clemens Krauss, from whom some performances in the new mode can be expected. Still serving us as pioneers of tomorrow's repertory are such conductors as Ansermet, Barbirolli, Beecham, Bernstein, Mitropoulos, Monteux, Munch, Ormandy, Paray, Steinberg, Szell, Reiner, Von Karajan and Walter (to make a severely alphabetical matter of it), not to mention instrumentalists and singers from De los Angeles to Zecchi.

Mention, simultaneously, of the 45/45 cut and the stereo stylus is almost inevitable, through the happy fact that —again by the grace of bitter experience—compatibility begins with the cartridge. That is to say, by substituting an SD cartridge for the present one, the new discs will perform as well or better than conventional LPs on one-speaker systems, though without the "difference" signal that creates the stereophonic effect. Acquiring this

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cartridge will, in effect, constitute an insurance for the buyer against the day when he will decide to invest in the additional elements—second amplifier and speaker—required for SD listening. The higher cost of the SD records (in most instances, though some manufacturers are marketing SD records at prices equaling today's standards for LP) will be a wise investment for those who will want, eventually, the best quality of sound and the records that will provide this best quality.

That, I am convinced, is inevitably the SD, by whatever trade name it is known. Phonophiles have long known that adding a second speaker for sound diffusion, results in a more realistic effect, even if it is only the same signal that is duplicated. Adding a second amplifier, and separating the functions of the two speakers so that each channel can do the job of frequency reproduction for which it is best suited, *must* enhance the result. Combine these factors with the directional element of which stereophonic reproduction (either disc or tape) is uniquely capable, and the opportunities for refinement are evident.

THE "directional element" is, of course, the aspect of the matter that is being stressed in promotion of reproducing units (as well as some records) for the simplest of reasons: it is the obvious "something new" that has been added, and can be recognized by the lay ear (strings on the left, trumpets on the right) even if nothing else new is apparent. But, like most obvious things, its novelty appeal will soon depart, leaving the requirement for something more enduring and substantial if the investment of a non-gimmick minded public is solicited.

That "something more enduring" is, simply, an upgrading of quality all along the way, made possible by the improved elements to which I have alluded, and resulting in a sound *bigger* but not necessarily louder, than the present conception of full-fidelity reproduction: more precise in its definition of fundamentals and overtones, thus adding accuracy to the reproduction of musical timbres (orchestral instruments and the human voice in particular); and better dispersed through the listening area by the separate sound sources.

We are all going to hear a lot about "left ear hearing" and "right ear hearing" in the next few months as the copywriters grope for phrases to take the place of the listening experience. Much of this will be specious, for the simple reason that once the sound leaves the speaker (left *or* right) it is going to be apprehended by both ears . . . there is no way of turning it off.

The crux of the matter, then—as it always must be—is: How good is the record itself? What conception motivates its manufacture? Where is the listener relative to the sound's point of origin? From what I have heard, the recording engineer of old was faced with a relatively simple problem (vexing as it might have been at times): Getting down as much as he could of the session with which he was concerned. The new techniques make possible, in fact inescapable, the election of so many alternatives that the session will have to be "produced" (in the film sense) as well as engineered, the outcome directly related to the amount of imagination as well as sensitivity this "producer" brings to his task.

Up to now I find the most of those desirable qualities in London's first samples (distinguished by a broad silver band across the red label surface with the words "Full Frequency Stereophonic Sound" giving the *marque* FFSS to replace the familiar FFRR). Here emphasis has been put on having the sound seem to emerge from the space *between* the speakers rather than, overtly, from one or the other. Needless to say, there are moments in Peter Maag's direction of the Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream" music (with the London Symphony, London CS 6001) when instruments or choirs at the extremes of the listening periphery will be heard in a directional relationship, but prevailingly, the sound is *spread out in a lateral perspective* rather being *piled up from the top to the bottom* of the audible spectrum as is the case with most monaural reproduction.

When I was last in England two years ago, London's engineers were busily engaged in experiments with what they then called a "fill mike," whose function was to pick up enough from both left and right to avoid the characteristic "hole in the middle" sound of early stereo. Those experiments have, obviously, gone through a considerable process of refinement, to the present distinguished results, in which the "hole" has been filled up to the extent of being non-existent.

The admirable qualities of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music are, furthermore, those long valued in London's products: balance, resonance, room quality, presence. In other words, no part of its previous exacting standard has been sacrificed to achieve the new kind of realism. I find as much to enjoy, also, in Ansermet's new "Petrouchka" (Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, CS 6009, $4.98) and particularly a splendid Dvorak "New World" with Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic (CS 6020, $4.98).

Taken together, the most satisfying of the London enterprises I have heard on SD is a new "Mikado," in which that veteran of veterans, Isidore Godfrey, has still another opportunity to show us his mastery of the Savoy literature. In the early days of LP it was necessary to make a distinction between the marvel of the means and the inadequacy of some of the ends to which it was applied, but there need be no such distinction in this case: we are hearing (on OSA-1201, $11.96) the masters of the manner at work with the tools to make keenly apparent the excellence of their enunciations, the refinement of their musical skills, and their triple-dipped non-running dyed-in-the-wool absorption in this aesthetic. Most of the names in the current company (Jean Hindmarsh, Jennifer Toye, Beryl Dixon, Kenneth Sandford, Thomas Round, Peter Pratt, Alan Styler, and Ann Drummond Grant) are unfamiliar to me, but they are cut of the same cloth as their great predecessors, forming a triumphant ensemble. A sizable chorus and the New Symphony Orchestra give this "Mikado" a grandeur it rarely has in the theater, and not previously on disc.

RCA Victor's early samples of SD are, as yet, too scattered to give a comprehensive idea of their intentions, but at least two must be rated as equal in success technically, with London's best, if less satisfying aurally: these are the Ravel transcription of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" as performed by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on LSC 2201 (the deep color of the Red Seal SD label has been lightened appreciably to make it readily distinguishable from a conventional LP), and Tchaikovsky's "Serenade for Strings" by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony's strings (LSC 2105, $5.98, with Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" filling out side two). There is a fine spread of sound in Reiner's treatment of the Moussorgsky, particularly in the suggestion of the woodwinds emerging from the middle distance, but in climaxes, a kind of flat, unresonant mass that could do with some air cushioning. A third

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *In illustrating the article "The Swing to Stereo" (SR Apr. 26), a drawing by Paul Orban was utilized which was based on an illustration in an Audio Fidelity brochure. The Editor wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to this source, and regrets that a proper attribution was not printed at the time.*

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RCA Victor LSC (2100, $5.98) presents Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra in a sequence of Rimsky's "Coq d'Or" suite, the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" and Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave." This is played "down the middle" rather than for any purposefully stereo effects, and in Fiedler's familiar style, which means long on energy and discipline, short on eloquence or poetry.

AS PROOF that a company of modest resources can produce as good an example of stereo as one of the giant "combines," Urania tenders its credentials in a version of Saint-Saëns Symphony in C (No. 3, with organ) which meets every reasonable expectation. Hans Swarowsky conducts a Viennese orchestra with Franz Eibner at the organ of the Grosser Musikvereinssaal (USD 1001, $5.95). Despite the many strands of sound represented, there is both cohesion and separation, and ample space in the sonorous frame for the organ when it enters. When all these elements are integrated, the ear begins to appreciate the added vibratory space SD provides in which the tonal mass can be dispersed.

Thanks to a like-minded impulse on the part of London and Urania, I am able to report, at this early date, on the first duplication of repertory on SD: the Rossini-Respighi "Boutique Fantasque" which occupies Georg Solti and the Israel Philharmonic on CS 6005, $4.98, and René Leibowitz and the London Philharmonic on Urania's USD 1004, $5.95. I like Solti's way with this music rather better than Leibowitz's; in addition London adds a well-prepared, admirably reproduced version of Dukas's "Apprenti Sorcier" to his second side, whereas Urania is content to let its "Boutique Fantasque" fare as best as it can alone. Here the cheaper record is better and contains more music.

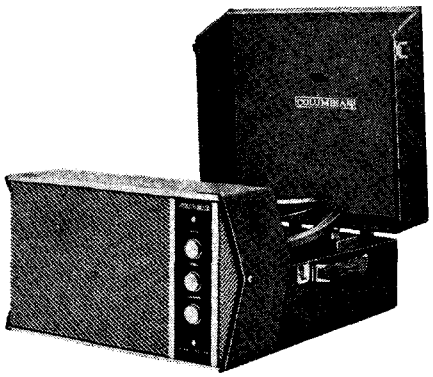
Both from the sources indicated above and others (such as ABC-Paramount Audio Fidelity, Hallmark and Counterpoint) I have accumulated a dozen and half other SD examples, in the pop, novelty and "gimmick" categories. The definitions relate not only to content but also to procedure. That is to say, it is relatively easy to make a startling stereophonic effect with the flexible elements of a dance band, a Dixieland combo or a two-piano team. London's Ted Heath (PS 116, $4.98), Edmundo Ros (PS 105, $4.98) and Cyril Stapleton (PS 109, $4.98) stereo discs are full-formed, brilliantly staged presentations of these excellent dance groups, RCA's Ray McKinley-Glenn Miller Orchestra (LSP 1522, $5.98), not so successfully balanced, especially when he seems to be vocalizing in an empty ballroom with the band now here, now there. Some of the same problem of relating vocalist to background afflicts the Abbe Lane-Tito Puente pairing (on RCA Victor's LSP 1554, $5.98). On the other hand, a West Coast effort with the "Voices of Walter Schumann" (RCA LSP 1558, $5.98) comes off very well, the problem of balance not being a factor in this static set-up.

ABC Paramount's production, mainly pop, also includes a miscellany of Strauss waltzes performed in "continental" style by a maestro identified as Valentino, whose rather small-sounding strings provide a desirably "middle distance" sound. Indeed, ABC Paramount endorses this principle to the extent of including a test tone which, when the speakers are properly balanced, emerges from between them. It would be more helpful still, it seems to me, if the tone *preceded* the music rather than being rather inaccessibly located in the grooves nearest the label.

The Hallmark label is a new one to me, and thus far dedicated to the proposition that acceptable stereo can be produced at the economy price of $3.98 per disc. I have thus far sampled "Dixieland in Stereo" (HLP 312, $3.98) a collection of traditional tunes played by a group called the Empire Six, "Mardi Gras" in which "Fred Martin" (presumably not the well-known Freddie Martin) and "his radio orchestra" do a series of tangos and other dance tunes (HLG 505, $4.98) and "Dance Parade" devoted to the Lenny Herman quintet (HLP 311, $3.98). None of these strikes me as good basic sound (attenuated, no bass to speak of), and indifferent stereo at best. As for artistic quality, it is routine, or less.

Though most manufacturers are taking the view that stereo discs should be played only with a stereo cartridge, there are those who are urging buyers that their records are "compatible"—i.e., can be played by practically any microgroove stylus, for monaural listening (a few are ruled out for lack of any vertical compliance). Among these are Audio Fidelity, a pioneer in this field, and Counterpoint, which is a derivative of the "Esoteric" label. I have sampled both, as per instructions, and find that both will play acceptably, if with some lack of definition. Of course, what will happen to the groove cut after a few playings in this wise remains to be seen.

As stereo, Counterpoint's product is superior to Audio Fidelity's, tending less to the obvious directional values, in favor of a satisfying totality. Presently available from Counterpoint is a "Profile of Pee Wee" in which the great clarinet man is joined by such kindred spirits as Bud Freeman, tenor, Ruby Braff, trumpet, Vic Dickenson, trombone, and Nat Pierce, piano, in "That Old Feeling" "World on a String," "Out of Nowhere" and similar items (CPST 562, $4.98).



—*Columbia.*

**Portable for stereo use (with added speaker).**

Audio Fidelity has been marketing stereo discs since early in the year, but it is only lately that I have had the equipment to sample them. I find the best quality in Volume 3 of the "Dukes of Dixieland" series (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1851, $5.95) devoted to "Bourbon Street Parade," "Eyes of Texas," "Sobey Strut" and similar tunes played in the Dixieland manner of the Assunto ensemble. I am not inclined to this kind of close-up microphoning with excessive emphasis on sound for sound's sake.

ONE conspicuous fact distinguishes judgments in these early days of SD from those tentative ones of LP ten years ago: the vastly superior components available for playback and evaluation purposes. By contrast with the osmium-tipped "tone arm" on a shaky 1948 33 turntable, I now use the excellent Fairchild arm, turntable and superbly performing XP4 cartridge: in place of a dubious amplifier, a Scott 210 D and a Fairchild 255 Amplifier and 248 pre-amp coupled by the Scott Stereo-Daptor (Model 135) which makes control of the units (once they have been balanced for equal output) both simple and efficient. And finally, rather than a single 12-inch coaxial speaker, a pair of the KLH full range loudspeaker systems. These are products of the KLH Research and Development Corporation of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and are capable of a true musical response not only at the top and bottom but also in the all-important middle. Thus, as in the creation of the records themselves, any errors of judgment are the result of fallible human faculties rather than the available mechanical means.

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**KEY TO SYMBOLS:**
*Columbia: KL; ML; SL.*
*Decca: DL; DX.*
*London: LL; Lon.*
*RCA Victor: LCT; LHMV; LM; LVT; Camd.; DM.*

# *Critics' Choice 1948-1957—*

| Year | Operatic | Orchestral | Concerto | Instrumental |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **1948** | Ravel: "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" ML 4153* | *Beecham*/Handel: "The Great Elopement" LHMV 1030*<br>*Stokowski*/"Sensemaya"*<br>"The Swan of Tuonela" LM 151* | *Heifetz*/Vieuxtemps No. 5 LVT 1033<br>*Moiseivitch*/Saint-Saëns No. 2* | *Horowitz*/ Prokofieff: Toccata on LM 1171 |
| **1949** *(not a yearly survey, but a special "all-time" best)* | "Don Giovanni" (Busch) (5)<br>"Magic Flute" (Beecham) LCT 6101* (4)<br>"Marriage of Figaro" (3) LVT 2000 (Busch) | *Toscanini*/ Beethoven 5th LCT 1041 (3)<br>Beethoven 7th* (2) Camd. 352 | *Schnabel* Beethoven No. 4* (2)<br>Beethoven No. 5* (2) LCT 6700 | *Landowska* Goldberg Variations LM 1080 (4)<br>*Schnabel* Sonata in A DM 580* |
| **1950** | "Falstaff" (Cetra*) (4)<br>"Rigoletto" LM 6021 (2)<br>"Elektra" Cetra* (2)<br>"Entführung" Lon A4301 (1)<br>"The Consul" DX 101 (1) | *Toscanini*: "Parsifal" (2) LM 6020<br>*Ansermet*: "Petrushka" (2) LL 130<br>*Beecham*: Mozart 38/41 (1) ML 4313<br>*Krips*: Brahms 4th (1) LL 208<br>*Monteux*: Franck D min.* (1) | *Francescatti* ML 4315 (1) (Paganini - Saint-Saens)<br>*Stern-Tabuteau* ML 4351 (1) (Bach Violin-Oboe)<br>*Gieseking* ML 4307 (1) (Beethoven No. 1) | *Landowska* LM 1017 Bach Vol. I<br>*Casadesus* ML 4798 Chopin Ballades<br>*Casals* LCT 1104* Bach Suites |
| **1951** | "Don Giovanni" (LCT 6102)<br>"Carmen" (LM 6102) (4)<br>"Fledermaus" (London) (3)<br>"Carmen" (SL 109)* (2)<br>"Porgy and Bess" (Col) (2) | *Toscanini*: "Don Juan" (5) (LM 1157)<br>"Eroica" (LM 1042) (1)<br>*Scherchen*: Haydn (4) "Military" (Westm 5045)<br>*Ormandy*: Tchaikovsky 5th (ML 4400) (1) | | |
| **1952** | "Cosi fan tutte" (Col) (4)<br>"Bohème" (Toscanini) (1)<br>"Don Carlo" (Cetra*) (1)<br>"Wozzeck" (Col) (1) | *Toscanini*/Beethoven 9th (17) LM 6009<br>Brahms 4th LM 1713 (4)<br>*Ormandy* Symph. Fant. (2) ML 4467 | *Lipatti* ML 4525 (4) (Grieg and Schumann) | *Lipatti* (ML4522) (2) (Chopin Waltzes) |
| **1953** | "Otello" (Toscanini) (35)<br>"Boris Godunov" (RCA) (12)<br>"Cavalleria"-"Pagliacci" (5) (RCA) | *Toscanini*/"Pines of Rome" LM 1768 (10)<br>"Enigma" Variations LM 1725 (3)<br>*Munch*/Berlioz Set LM 6011 (7)<br>*Walter*/Mozart 35/40 ML 4693 (3)<br>*Ansermet*/"Daphnis et Chloe" LL 693 (3) | | *Heifetz* Bach Sonatas and Partitas (RCA) |
| **1954** | "Rosenkavalier"(London) (12)<br>"Falstaff" (Toscanini) (10)<br>"Tosca" (Angel) (8)<br>"Norma" (Angel) (6)<br>"Cavalleria" (Angel) (3)<br>"Lucia" (Angel) (2) | *Walter*/Brahms SL 200 (15)<br>*Reiner*/R. Strauss LM 1806-LM 1807 (11)<br>*Toscanini*/ Schubert 7th LM 1835 (7)<br>Wagner Concert LM 6020 (4) | *Milstein* (Capitol) (Mendelssohn & Brahms)<br>*Piatigorsky* (RCA) (Strauss: "Don Quixote") | *Schnabel* Beethoven Sonatas (RCA) |
| **1955** | "Don Giovanni" (Lon) (14)<br>"Aida" (Milanov) (12) (RCA)<br>"Cosi fan tutte" (Angel) (11) | *Walter* (Mozart "Linz") (14) SL 224<br>*Munch* ("Daphnis et Chloe") LM 1893 (9) | | *Horowitz* Clementi Sonatas LM 1902<br>*Hofmann* Anniversary Album Col KL 4929 |
| **1956** | "Bohème" (Beecham) (14) (RCA)<br>"Magic Flute" (Decca) (11)<br>"Manon" (RCA) (10)<br>"Traviata" (RCA) (7)<br>"Marriage of Figaro" (7) (London) | *Karajan*/Beethoven 9th Angel 3544 (5)<br>*Furtwängler*/Beethoven 9th LM 2043 (5)<br>*Reiner*/Bartok Concerto LM 1934 (5)<br>*Klemperer*/Eroica, Angel (1) | *Heifetz* (LM 1992) (5) (Beethoven)<br>*Gieseking* (Ang 35321) (3) (Schumann) | *Gould* (Bach) (13) ML 5060<br>*Gieseking* (Ravel) Angel 3541 |
| **1957** | "Rosenkavalier" (25) (Angel)<br>"Frau Ohne Schatten" (10) (London)<br>"Entführung" (Angel) (1) | *Stokowski* (Capitol) (15) Various: "The Planets" "The Orchestra."<br>*Monteux* (RCA) (15) "Firebird" LM 2113 "Le Sacre" LM 2085 | *Rubinstein* LM 6702 (32) The Five Beethoven Concertos | *Lipatti* (Angel) "The Last Recital" |

(*) Currently deleted;
Numerals in parentheses indicate number of votes cast.

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# A Ten Year Survey

| Vocal | Oratorio | Chamber | Broadway | Misc. | Most Commendable Enterprise |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Sayão*/(Columbia) "Damoiselle Elue" "O mio babbino" "Bachianas No. 5" *Ferrier*: Alto Rhapsody (London) | Brahms Requiem Col. SL 157* (3) LM 6004 (1) (R. Shaw) | *Budapest Quartet* ML 4006* Beethoven Opus 132 | South Pacific ML 4180 | *Alex. Schneider String Quintet* Viennese Waltzes ML 2068 | |
| *Sayão* "Bachianas No. 5" ML 5231 | *Beecham* "Messiah" LCT 6401 | | | | |
| *Siepi* Recital (Cetra*) *Tourel*/Ravel Cycle ML 4289* *Ferrier*/English Folk Songs (London) *Flagstad*/"Haugtussa" LM 1094* | Schütz "Christmas Story" REB 3 Bach: St. Matthew Passion (Vox) | *Juilliard Quartet* Bartók Quartets ML 4278-80 *Vienna Konzerthaus Qtet* Schubert: "Trout" (Westminster) with Badura-Skoda, piano | | | |
| *Muzio* ML 4404 (12) *Chaliapin* (LM 3*) (3) *Ferrier* (ML 4980) (1) | | | | "The Benny Goodman Jazz Concert" SL 180 | |
| | | *Budapest Quartet* Complete Beethoven Quartets (Col) | | Benny Goodman Jazz Conc. No. 2 (Col.) "Don Juan in Hell" (Col.) | |
| *George London* "Of Gods and Demons" ML 4658 (6) "Mozart Arias" (6) ML 4699 *Boris Christoff* "Russian Arias and Songs" LHMV 1033 | | | "John Brown's Body" (26) (Columbia) | | Columbia Literary Series; Columbia Amer. Chamber Music Series |
| *Callas* (Angel) see Operas | Bach: B minor Mass Angel 3500 "Carmina Burana" DL 9706 | | | "The Confederacy" (Columbia) | Vaughan Williams Symphonies (London) |
| *Callas* (Angel) Two Recitals *Merriman* "Spanish Songs" (Angel) | | | | Winston Churchill KL 5066 | "Fifty Years of Operatic Singing" (RCA) |
| *Fischer-Dieskau* (10) "Die Winterreise" LM 6036 | Handel: "Solomon" (Beecham) Angel 3546 | | "My Fair Lady" (Col) "Waiting for Godot" (Col) | | "My Fair Lady" (Col) |
| *Fischer-Dieskau* (18) Recitals RCA-Decca *Flagstad* Lon 5259 *Streich* DL 9873 *Cerquetti* Lon 5274 | "The Messiah" (Bernstein) M2L 242 | *The Budapest Quartet w. W. Trampler* The Mozart Quintets (Columbia) | "The West Side Story" (Col.) "Around the World in 80 Days" (Decca) | "Hamlet" (Gielgud) (RCA) The Complete Works of Anton Webern (Col) | The Five Beethoven Piano Concertos (Rubinstein) LM 6702 |

—*Compiled by* GEORGE JELLINEK.

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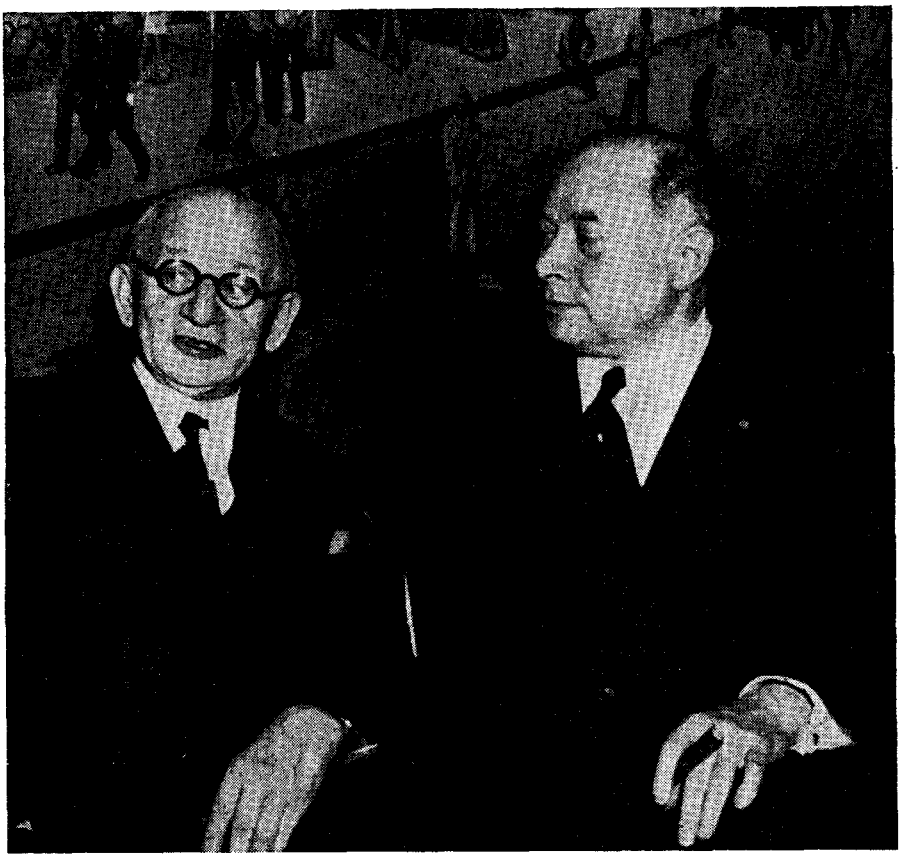
# The Late Sir Louis Sterling

## *From New York's East Side to London's West End*



The late Sir Louis Sterling (left) with General Sarnoff in the New York clubhouse of the Grand Street Boys, an organization of former East Side residents, of which they were both longtime members.

By DAVID SARNOFF

MY friend Sir Louis Sterling died on June 2 in England, his adopted country. He was born in New York's lower East Side seventy-nine years ago, and at the age of twenty-four he emigrated to England. In the history of emigration Sir Louis will probably go down as a sort of Wrong-Way Corrigan. For in a period when millions of people were leaving Europe to take up a new life in America—I myself was among them—Louis Sterling left America to take up a new life in Europe.

In view of the fact that the Europeans who flocked to America in those days believed that our country was the one land of opportunity left in the world, Louis's departure from his native shores was an enigma indeed—that is, if one didn't know Sir Louis and his extraordinary original mentality. I did not get to know him until many years later, when a community of business interests brought us together, so I cannot speak about his early years. But when I did get to know him, I found in his character the explanation of the enigma. Louis was realistic, idealistic, adventurous, and quixotic, and he left America to seek his fortune in England because he was all of these things at the same time.

Full of youthful energy and impatience and strongly conscious of his potential, Louis boarded a cattle boat for England, on the theory that opportunity might lie in a Europe from which so many had fled and were still fleeing. He landed in London with thirty dollars in his pocket and unlimited optimism in his heart. I believe that with his imagination and genius for organization he would most certainly have found, in time, in America the opportunities that he sought in England. Or he would have created them here, as he did over there. At any rate, Louis Sterling prospered—he made industrial history in England—and was duly rewarded for that and numberless public benefactions by a grateful nation through its sovereign.

The remarkable thing about this immigrant from America was that he never in his long life shed or altered his American characteristics. He carried his lower East Side heritage of independence, enterprise, and social conscience to his adopted country and based his life on them.

Six years after he set foot in London, he was placed at the head of the British Columbia Gramophone Company, an organization which he quickly rejuvenated through his bold and imaginative innovations. But this eminence he had reached the hard way, from peddling household wares through the countryside, from a horse-and-wagon, to managing an English Cylinder Company. It was in the recording business, then in its infancy, that Sterling found his ultimate vocation. The industry was standing tiptoe—awaiting new techniques and revolutionary scientific developments. It needed a bold, resolute, far-seeing, even reckless, and possibly non-Briton, pioneer to give it the push into the future. Louis Sterling was that very man.

NO musician himself, Sterling had, strangely, an infallible instinct for spotting future "greats" in the musical world, such as John McCormack, whom he signed up when the great tenor was an unknown Irish student in London, trying to get to Italy to learn the art of "bel canto." He offered McCormack a contract for ten records at the then phenomenal fee of five pounds per record. This the tenor gratefully accepted.

Sterling was equally astute in the popular field, signing up, against general advice, the vaudeville team of Moran and Mack—the "two Black Crows"—for a single record, which went on to sell in the millions.

Sterling was the first in England to record entire symphonies, operas, concertos, and string quartets, and the first to record musical comedies with their original casts. He had many other "firsts" to his credit by the time he became, in 1931, managing director of the newly formed merger of England's two leading recording companies under the name of the Electrical and Musical Industries Corporation, known by the initials EMI.

Though Sir Louis Sterling gave away large sums of money in his lifetime he wasn't in any sense the ordinary philanthropist, who impersonally

(*Continued on page* 49)

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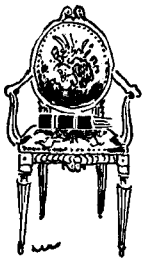

# CHERUBINI'S "MEDEA," AND CALLAS'S

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

CHERUBINI'S "Medea," let it be said straight off, is a great opera, a musico-dramatic masterwork of a rare sort. To take note that the opera presented as "Medea" in Mercury's first operatic release (OL-3-104, $14.94) has been removed some distance from the "Médée" first heard at the Théâtre Feydeau in Paris on March 13, 1797, is to confess frustration in order to forget it. True, the thirty-six-year-old Cherubini composed the opera to a French text by Françoise Benoît Hoffman for a theater whose tradition of *opera-comique* required that the interstices between set numbers be filled with spoken dialogue, whereas the recorded version is sung in Italian and replaces spoken dialogue with the recitatives that Franz Lachner composed for a performance at Frankfurt-am-Main in 1855. True, too, this version omits sections of the original French score.

But then, the *ur-"Médée"* was a permanent failure in France. Only performances in Germany, Austria, and Italy have kept the opera alive. We are unlikely ever to hear a performance of Cherubini's original document, and might not admire it if we did: Cherubini himself began the cutting, eliding some five hundred measures for a Vienna staging in 1802. Only its lack of memorable lyric melodies can explain its anomalous obscurity for so long.

"Medea" is not a lyric opera, but a musical drama. So aptly and expertly did Cherubini match music to libretto that despite the opera's set-number construction it has unmistakable continuity. Mercury's recording engineers, working at La Scala, employed that one of the several methods of recording massed musical forces which they deemed especially suitable to it. They used what the admirable bi-lingual libretto with informative notes describes as "a single, omni-directional microphone, placed in the aural focal point of La Scala's auditorium." Even as heard from these non-stereophonic discs, the result therefore sketches a sound-image in perspective, not the artificial (and for other sorts of opera, often desirable) equalized recording that can be obtained by placing several microphones in separate areas of orchestra and stage.

Two performers stand out, not only for the brilliance and justice of what they do, but also because the importance of their roles requires them to outtop the others. They are the conductor, Tullio Serafin, and the Medea, Maria Meneghini Callas.

The clangor, surge, and sheer thrust of the Scala orchestra as dominated and molded by the seventy-nine-year-old Serafin can only seem something wonderfully new to those of us who never have heard "Medea" or have heard it only in the much-appreciated, but small-scaled concert readings given since November 1955 by New York's American Opera Society. Both the libretto and the curve of the music specify relentless ascent toward the horrifying moments when Medea, having caused the death of Glauce, murders her own children and sets fire to the temple. And what one gets from Serafin is exactly that relentless movement forward and upward, understanding translated into sound by technique and experience. Cherubini's writing for both orchestra and chorus is Beethovian. None of its points is lost in this reading, none of its vigor shirked.

Callas's singing of Medea places all emphasis on the nature of the betrayed and raging sorceress and on the terrible vengeance to which she is driven. It is a continuous piece of tempestuous vocal acting certain to distress those who consider round, unruffled tone the *sine qua non* of all singing. Only when the dramatic juncture asks for beautiful tone does Callas produce it. But here, as everywhere, she believes unquestioningly in opera as musical drama. Able to rely on unfailing exactness of pitch and incomparable agility, she dyes her vocal color with anger, with pleading, with fury, finally with marrow-freezing dementia. (Can this be the soprano heard in the affecting innocences of "I Puritani" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "La Sonnambula"?) Her Medea must rank as one of the most operatically effective of the more than twenty characters she has brought to life on records.

Those who have had the luck to hear Eileen Farrell in concert performances of "Medea" may naturally ask for comparison of that singing with this. It is the difference between an extraordinarily sumptuous and powerful voice (Farrell's) little modulated by dramatic conviction or theatrical flair and (Callas's) an extraordinarily expressive voice at the service of a demonic character-conception. The Farrell Medea should be recorded to delight those who rank physically alluring sound above all other qualities. They will not, in any case, acquire or rightly understand what Callas does, as one or two early reviews of this Mercury set have proved. But to those who wish opera to be more than a mere combination of "abstract" music and literature, the Medea boldly and relentlessly poured forth by Callas must seem an operatic realization to place beside the remembered achievements of a Chaliapin, a Muzio, a Garden.

SUPPORTING Callas adequately, although without the distinction that a wholly free choice among living singers might have produced, are Renata Scotto as Glauce, Miriam Pirazzini as Neris, Lidia Marimpietri as the First Maidservant, Elvira Galassi as the Second Maidservant, Mirto Picchi as Jason, Giuseppe Modesti as Creon, and Alfredo Giacommotti as the Captain of the Guard. Scotto's handsome youthful voice is well suited to Glauce, but she shows some discomfort when required to make her singing dramatically expressive. Picchi commands all but the final iotas of power and histrionic intelligence needed for portraying the faithless, pitiable Jason. Modesti conveys only some of the pathos, the momentary weakness of the strong Creon. Pirazzini, though intermittently afflicted with the narrow, peculiar wobble also to be heard in the recent singing of Fedora Barbieri, makes much of Neris's great aria of fidelity in Act II—but not enough to banish a wish that Neris might have been placed in the steadier hands and throat of Simionato.

Mercury has struck gold with Cherubini, Serafin, and Callas in this, its first collaboration with G. Ricordi and Co. It is devoutly to be hoped that, later on, stars of the order of Serafin and Callas will be surrounded with colleagues more nearly of their own magnitude. But I do not wish to quibble, for this recording of Cherubini's "Medea" exactly as it is seems to me one of the most faithful likenesses ever taken of an opera as musical drama.

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# Recordings in Review

## A "New" Gounod Symphony

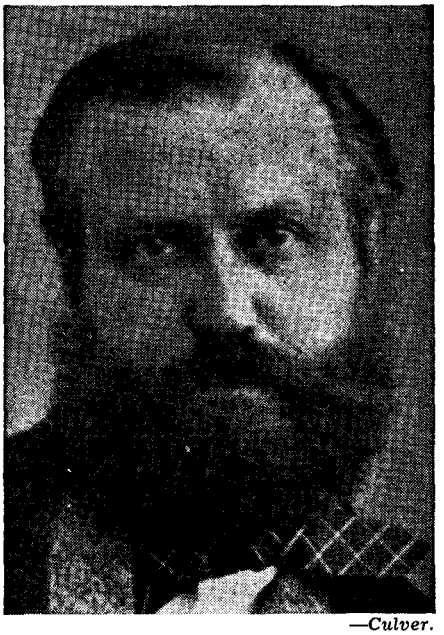
GOUNOD: *Symphony No. 2 in E flat;* BIZET: *"Jeux d'Enfants." Igor Markevitch conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra.* Decca DL 9982, $3.98.

**HAVING OCCASIONALLY** chided Igor Markevitch for some of his views on the standard orchestral literature he has directed for records, it seems reasonable to direct attention to his highly effective efforts on behalf of these works. As in the case of the Swedish Berwald symphonies with which he acquainted us some months ago, Markevitch's re-discovery of Gounod's impulsive work of 1856 ("Faust" was three years in the distance, still) says both the first and the last words on the subject.

Indeed, if the slow movement of the work measured to the fine qualities of its other three, one would be provoked to some indignant remarks on the short-sightedness of the conductors who have overlooked its qualities this long. As it is, one can recommend it all heartily, as an eddy in the rising tide of French instrumental writing which, save for Berlioz, only emerged as a strong factor in nineteenth century European music with Saint-Saens in the 1860s.

As with the charming Bizet Symphony in C (written later in the same year of 1855 and perhaps with the example of Gounod's Symphony No. 1 performance by the Societe des Jeunes Artistes in his mind), this one has a host of antecedents which makes for legitimacy in music as well as elsewhere. Mendelssohn's refinement, Schumann's romanticism, Schubert's harmonic colors are suggested from page to page, but all with a flair and strength of musical impulse which mark the writer as his own man. However, the slow movement leaves a slightly cloying taste of something which is both cream centered and sugar coated.

Markevitch and his orchestra are obviously of one mind about the desirable results (he is now permanent director of this ensemble, when not travelling to Montreal or Havana, which also regard him as Resident) in both works. It is a brisk, bright, enthusiastic kind of music making which is good to hear, though a little heavy in dynamic production for best results in the Bizet. The Deutsche Grammophon engineers have brought back a live, broadly resonant sound from their Parisian safari.



—*Culver.*

Gounod—"impulsive work."

## Tebaldi Recital No. 2

SCARLATTI: *"Chi vuole innamorarsi," "Caldo sangue,"* HANDEL: *"Ah! Spietato,"* ROSSINI: *"La Regata Veneziani,"* MOZART: *"Ridente la calma," "Un moto di gioia,"* BELLINI: *"Vaga luna, che inargenti," "Per pieta, bell' idol mio,"* MASCAGNI: *"M'ama . . . non m'ama,"* RESPIGHI: *"Notte,"* TOSTI: *"A vucchella,"* DAVICO: *"O luna che fa' lume." Renata Tebaldi, soprano, with Giorgio Favaretto, piano.* London 5394, $3.98.

**THOSE WHO** consider the past opera season a loss for the absence of Renata Tebaldi, can, by combining this disc with her previous one (London 5267) recreate the kind of evening which she gave at New York's Grace Rainey Rogers auditorium something more than a year ago. If my impressions are correct, the two together comprehend all the song literature she has mastered for public performance to this time.

And for those who have not happened to replay her records during the period of her absence, the first impression of course will be of the health and strength of the voice, which in its category is the unquestioned standard of the day. Glowing and vital, it is a sheer delight in such a song as Mascagni's "M'ama . . . non m'ama" (which is nothing more than the Italian form of "He loves me, he loves me not"), with its leap from low D to a high A exploiting her rich quality in both registers. There is much that is charming in her Bellini, and in Tosti's "A vucchella."

However, when there is a demand for the less palpable, the mood-setting atmosphere of Respighi's "Notte" or the kind of serenity conveyed through Mozart's "Ridente la calma," Miss Tebaldi's inclination to meet every musical problem head on, to "give" vocally because she has so much to give, slackens interest and attention is drawn to what she is *not* doing, artistically, to utilize her abundant resources. The day will come, certainly, when she makes the necessary adjustment: let us hope it will not await the distant time of a vocal decline. Giorgio Favaretto is the helpful pianist.

## Harpsichords Four

BACH: *Concerto in C.* VIVALDI-BACH: *Concerto in A minor,* VIVALDI-DART: *Concerto in D minor,* MALCOLM: *Variations on a theme by Mozart. Eileen Joyce, Thurston Dart, George Malcolm, and Denis Vaughan, harpsichords, with orchestra conducted by Boris Ord.* Angel 45022, $3.98.

**FROM THE** brief annotation on this issue, I divine there is an annual concert (in May) for concerted harpsichord music in London's Festival Hall. (And, by reference to a recent Sunday *Times,* I observe that this year's took place on May 20, with most of the musicians named above participating.) From such preparation derive the best performances of this literature offered to date, plus two works—Dart's version of a Vivaldi concerto, opus 3, No. 11, originally for two solo violins and cello, and Malcolm's variations—not previously recorded.

Much of the distinction in the results may be attributed to the use of harpsichords by the English maker Thomas Goff, which are unlike the ones we are familiar with from either French or German sources. How they might sound in solo literature is an unresolved question (each tends to a thinner, more silvery sound than Landowska's Pleyel, for example), but in an ensemble they have a total sonority decidedly attractive to hear, without the twangy characteristics of some other recorded examples, or the mechanical noises that too often intrude from the use of stops, or the manipulation of pedals.

The values of the Bach C major (in one of his sunniest, most outgoing moods) and his arrangement of the Vivaldi B minor (No. 10 of opus 3 grouped as "L'Estro Armonico") are well-known, and even more apparent from these beautifully balanced, me-

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ticulously detailed performances. Dart has modeled his treatment of the eleventh in the same set on Bach, and the results are a compliment to his musicianship as well as a welcome extension of this literature. Malcolm's even variations are founded on the andante grazioso from Mozart's B flat violin-viola duo (K. 424) and have values that transcend their origin as a *piece d'occasion*. The first time around it sounds as though the eight hands were attacking their instruments rather violently, but a rehearing suggests that Malcolm has so expanded their sonority—by use of all the resources of range and doublings known to modern practise—that a greater volume of sound is being produced. Thus, a little lowering of the output level might be a wise precaution. The orchestra well integrated with the solo instruments by Ord is also admirably reproduced.

## Two Sides of Barber

BARBER: *Symphony No. 1, Overture to "The School for Scandal," Adagio for Strings, and Essay No. 1. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman Rochester Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury MG 50148, $4.98.

**SAMUEL BARBER** has been extremely fortunate in his interpreters practically from the day of his graduation from the Curtis Institute (for which occasion the "overture" to Sheridan's play was presented as thesis). Alexander Smallens conducted its first public performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1933; Artur Rodzinski introduced the symphony to America in Cleveland after it had been first performed by Bernardino Molinari at the Augusteo in Rome, as Arturo Toscanini did the "Essay" and the Adagio with the NBC Orchestra in 1938. But it may be doubted that he has ever had more sympathetic representation than Hanson provides for him here.

It may, on the other hand, be more accurate to say that his interpreters have been extremely fortunate in Samuel Barber's music. For as Hanson shows in these two closely packed record sides, the two musical sides of Barber—dramatic and lyric—are complementary to each, equally developed and genuine. He does not have to strain to produce ideas suitable for symphonic treatment, though some aspects of the work itself are overblown as may be understandable in the work of a twenty-six year old composer. Even in the early Overture (Barber was then twenty-two) there is the flow and certainty of procedure which characterize the eloquent Adagio as well as the well-developed "Essay."

—*Mercury.*

Howard Hanson—"sympathetic representation."

When the complete "Vanessa" is available (probably in the fall) it will be instructive to compare its dramatic qualities with those which come and go in these works. Certainly there is no detail of the music contained in these orchestral works which Hanson has not clarified or organized to a superior total effect. The playing is first rate, the recording sound among the best Mercury has produced anywhere.

## Refinement from Russia

VIVALDI: *Concerto in G minor, Opus 12, No. 1 (P. 343).* RAMEAU: *Concerto in G minor (No. 6) Leonid Kogan, violin, with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Barshai.* HANDOSHKIN: *Concerto in C. Barshai, viola, with orchestra.* Monitor MC 2018, $4.98.

**NOW THAT** virtually all the virtuoso concerti have been recorded and re-recorded by the principal musicians of the Soviet Union it is welcome to hear them functioning also in other areas, as musicians must to keep their faculties sharp. To judge from this disc, the Vivaldi vogue is well under way there as elsewhere, the Rameau revival one worth emulation by us.

Kogan's performance of the rugged, beautifully proportioned Vivaldi (it is relatively familiar in an edition by Nachez, though there is no indication that anything but the original text is utilized here) is full of the zest and understanding that marked his work here last winter. In pith and point, it is a challenge to any of his violin-playing colleagues, worldwide, especially as supported by Barshai and the ensemble. They are no less adept in the Rameau, derived from some of his best harpsichord pieces. Whether the transcription is by Rameau or one of his pupils is not known, but the attraction of such a work as "La Poule" (which Respighi included in "Gli Uccelli") is much enhanced in its present expanded usage. The excellent ensemble also performs expertly in "Deux Menuets," a slow movement entitled "L'Enharmonique" and the final "L'Egyptienne." To judge from the label, Kogan also performs in this "concerto," but the limited solo opportunities (save in "La Poule") make sure identification of his sound difficult.

There is no such problem in the work of Ivan Evstafeivich Handoshkin (a St. Petersburg-born contemporary of Haydn), in which Barshai shows himself to be a viola virtuoso in the class of Primrose and Vardi, de Pasquale or Lillian Fuchs. The agreeable work (said to date from 1801, but not published until 1947) poses no inordinate technical difficulties except in the modern-sounding cadenzas, but Barshai fulfills all its requirements in admirable style. His fine-grained sound (drawn from a Strad once owned by Henri Vieuxtemps) sings out beautifully in a pre-Tchaikovsky "Canzona." The sound values show that USSR technicians are improving their skills constantly.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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# Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: Concerto. Igor Oistrakh, violin, with orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Schuechter. Angel 35516, $4.98. | Young Oistrakh is, of course, a first-class violinist, but the scope of his tonal production is limited for this work, his conception of its meaning rather narrow and uneloquent. Tonally he is most happy with the larghetto, which is beautifully played. The rondo lacks lift and humor. He uses the Kreisler cadenzas and plays them masterfully. Schuechter's direction is thoroughgoing, inclined a little to heaviness, especially as microphoned. |
| Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. London LL 3016, $3.98. | For all its snap and dash, and a good deal of fine playing by the orchestra, the late Argenta's performance does not get much below the surface of this work. Berlioz's diction, in addition to being generically French, was specifically his own, and Argenta's phrasings and accents too often miss the subtler points. Excellent reproduction. |
| Copland: "Billy the Kid," "Rodeo." Morton Gould conducting. RCA Victor LM 2195, $4.98. | A welcome addition to the Copland literature, not only for Gould's excellent understanding of these works, but also for the response he evokes from a very capable group of players ("His"). The reproduction tends to be over-resonant and blurry, with an undue hubbub from the timpani and other percussion in the gun-battle preceding Billy's end. Both scores are represented by suites compiled by the composer. |
| Debussy: "La Mer," "Three Nocturnes." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3461, $3.98. | Van Beinum achieves a record of rare beauty, both in quality of sound and suitability of treatment to the chosen material. There is clarity both at the top and bottom, a luminous middle binding together the strands of Debussy's thought. The excellent chorus in "Sirènes" is a helpful asset, the recording likewise. |
| Haydn: Symphonies No. 97 (in C) and 99 (in E flat). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic LC 3455, $3.98. | If there is a better "Haydn orchestra" in the world than Szell's, it could only be the Royal Philharmonic, and for the same reason: the devotion of its director (Beecham) to the composer's work. As everybody knows, the two men digress considerably in their interpretation of the spirit of Haydn, but the fidelity to the letter is equal. In the present pairing, Szell is particularly successful with the C major, whose large-scale treatment enhances some procedures adapted by Beethoven. The E flat is a little rigid, but beautifully played nevertheless. The American technicians uphold the high Epic standard of sound. |
| Mozart: Concertos No. 17 in G (K. 453) and No. 21 in C (K. 467). Andor Foldes, piano, with Fritz Lehmann and Paul Schmitz conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca $3.98. | Sure-fingered execution, in good tempi, are the principal characteristics of these well-shaped performances. I should, however, welcome a less objective attitude toward the musical content, something more compulsive and communicative than Foldes produces. More shading of sound, a greater attention to dynamic differentiation would give point and emphasis to a style of performance which, as demonstrated here, is full of virtue but not much magnetism. |
| Nicolai: "Merry Wives" Overture, Sibelius: "Valse Triste," Chabrier: Marche Joyeuse," Ponchielli: "Dance of the Hours," Tchaikovsky: "Andante Cantabile." Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Mercury MG 50161, $4.98. | This is a holiday not only for strings, but also for brass, woodwind and percussion as Sir John leads his highly disciplined ensemble through the familiar patterns with dashing warmth of sound and freshness of viewpoint. In some of the pieces (the Chabrier and Sousa's "Stars and Stripes") the percussion is magnified rather than merely reproduced, but the other values are well appraised. Also included are Massenet's "Under the Linden Trees" (a toothsome trifle out of "Scènes Alsaciennes") and the "Trumpet Voluntary" attributed to Purcell. The pertinent commentary (unsigned) is worth reading, but the print is unadvantageously small. |
| Reger: Variations on a theme by Mozart. Mozart: "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239). Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9970, $3.98. | Böhm's affection for Reger's elaborate elaboration of Mozart's theme (on which he himself wrote variations in the A major K. 331) is well-known from his pioneer recording with the Saxon State Orchestra, pre LP. His treatment is as mellow as ripe cheese, but I cannot find much to enjoy in the humorless demonstration of Reger's capacity to lead the simple beauties of Mozart's thought into awkward harmonic bypaths, or to embalm it with swirling counterpoints. It is best when it bears least resemblance to the original. As performance per se, it is excellent, more suitable in manner than the square cut, oversonorous (by comparison with the versions of Janigro or Moralt) evaluation of the "Serenata." Rich sound in both cases. |
| Respighi: "The Birds," "Brazilian Impressions." Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony. Mercury MG 50153, $4.98. | The pairing of the unfamiliar "Brazilian Impressions" with the reasonably familiar "Gli Ucelli" provides an agreeable addition to the Respighi literature on records. His view of Brazil is suspiciously Roman in coloration, but not without interest as still another work in which the traditional "Dies Irae" is utilized (in the slow movement). Dorati is more inclined to bold strokes than to detail, but the English orchestra plays well for him. Fine sound. |
| Respighi: "Antique Airs and Dances." (Suites 1, 2, and 3.) Franco Ferrara conducting the Rome Symphony. RCA Victor LM 2179, $4.98. | Though Ferrara is unknown outside of Italy (he suffers from a physical disability which makes public performance risky) he is clearly a musician of superior attainments, with a highly refined conception of Respighi's purposes in these stimulating arrangements of old pieces. Save for a sound inferior to the best contemporary standards, this disc satisfies every reasonable requirement for this repertory. The close up microphoning tends to coarsen a string sound none too suave to start with. |
| Smetana: "Moldau," Liszt: "Mephisto Waltz," Weber: "Invitation to the Dance," Berlioz: "Damnation of Faust" (Three Excerpts). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5261, $3.98. | Much fine playing and acute reproduction of it put this disc in the *premiers crus* category of those recently vinted by Columbia in the Philadelphia vineyard. However not all the material stands up to Ormandy's processing methods, especially the "Moldau," which is more a raging torrent than the river of "majestic repose" described by the composer in his own commentary. The attribution of the Weber arrangement (on the sleeve) to Berlioz is not borne out by the label, and there are some unHectorian touches near the end. Everything else is beautifully played, sonorously reproduced. |
| Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake" excerpts. Jean Morel conducting the Royal Opera Orchestra (Covent Garden). RCA Victor LM 2217, $4.98. | In his first important recorded opportunity as a ballet conductor, Morel shows himself worthy of inclusion in the rarefied company of Ansermet. Désormière. Monteux and the late Constant Lambert, combining justness of pace with sensitive articulation. He also encourages the instrumentalists to play their soli with freedom and warmth, which can only endear him to them as they do to us. A trumpet solo on side 2 is a little gem of execution by whoever was responsible. The recording is not only London in origin, but also London in sound, thanks to the efforts of RCA's present affiliate on its behalf. |
| Tchaikovsky: Suite in G (No. 3). Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra. Columbia ML 5256. $3.98. | Many of Scherman's impulses are worthy, but he lacks the refinement of style to adjust Tchaikovsky's sometimes wayward values (especially in the crude use of percussion in the finale-variations) to phonographic reality. And, by international standards, the orchestra lacks richness and depth, though the recording is technically precise. —IRVING KOLODIN. |

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# Sterling

*Continued from page 44*

distributes surplus capital to ease his conscience or to garner approbation.

Sir Louis loved giving away money as he loved making it. And he also found ways of helping people without hurting their sensibilities.

I saw an example of his tact and delicacy at one of his celebrated Sunday suppers at his comfortable, unostentatious house in Regents Park. One of his guests was an old down-at-the-heels former actress who eked out a poor living by making beaded handbags. Sir Louis passed around one of these bags to the thirty or so guests at his table, and all of us pretended to admire it; whereupon Louis said he would order and present a bag for each of the ladies present.

On his frequent trips to America Sir Louis used to distribute presents of cash to a host of poor acquaintances and relatives. When the British government clamped down on their nationals' taking currency out of the country, Sir Louis was greatly upset and for a year or two denied himself the pleasure of his annual visit to America. "I simply can't show my face in New York without having at least ten thousand dollars to give away," he once complained to me.

However, he loved America—and particularly New York—too much to keep away. Indeed he cherished a secret desire to finish his life in his native land, in the very street of the lower East Side where he had lived a good deal of his childhood and youth. Had he done so no one in his old neighborhood would have suspected that he had lived more than half a century in England. He had never lost his East Side accent!

The contrast in speech between Sir Louis and his charming wife, Cissy, was highly amusing; for Cissy, born in England, talked with an Oxford accent and with very British inflections. And Cissy abetted her generous husband in his numerous public and private charities and did a fair amount of giving away herself. Actually, she regarded money with little reverence, useful mainly in relieving the distress and anxiety of others.

Sir Louis was fond of illustrating his wife's indifference to what most people desire greatly by relating an incident: "One day, years ago, after a visit to my bank, I rushed home in great excitement, flung open my door and called upstairs to Cissy—'Darling, we have our first million pounds!' . . . 'Well then,' Cissy called back calmly, 'shut the door, there's an awful draft!' "


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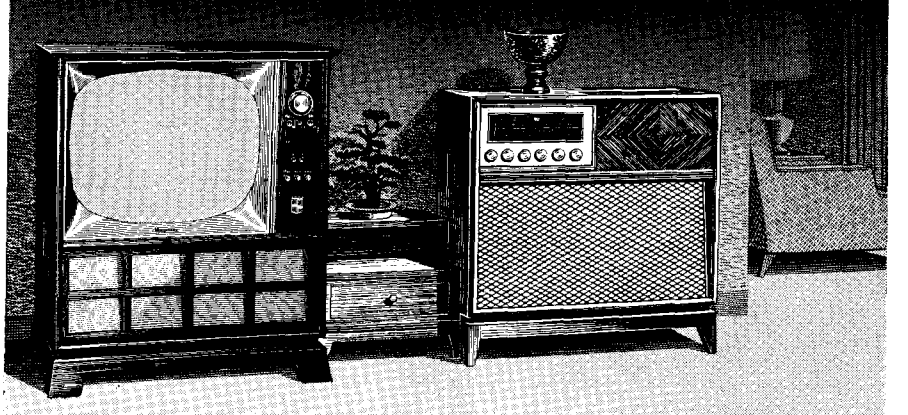

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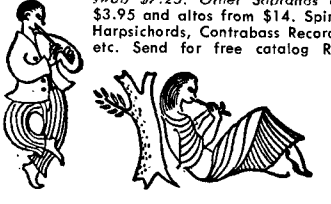

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# Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bach: Two Part Inventions (Fifteen), Three Part Inventions (Fifteen). Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. Westminster XWN 18699, $3.98. | In adding the three-part inventions to the list of works which can be heard through the harpsichord, Veyron-Lacroix demonstrates these are works which should be heard as well as performed. Tha is, they are—in common with the two-part inventions—much too fine music to serve as "teaching' pieces. He adds further strength (as Landowska demonstrated long ago) to the view that the harpsichord is more suitable to them than the piano, its powers of definition and tonal contrast contributing much to the enjoyment of the part-writing. Solid, well-proportioned recording. |
| Bach: Magnificat in D. Purcell: "Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary" (1695). Richard Lewis, tenor, Ilse Wolf, soprano, Helen Watts, contralto, and Thomas Hemsley, baritone, Geraint Jones conducting. Angel 45027, $3.98. | With all the excellent elements involved (including Thurston Dart at the harpsichord), these performances fail of their best effect for lack of the indispensable factor: vital leadership. Jones is methodical but plodding, applying his knowledge to better results in the Purcell—whose sombre values are clearly defined—than in the more complex Bach. Purcell's sense of rhetoric, his uncanny projection of an atmospheric still potent two and a half centuries later, are powerfully reproduced. |
| Bartok: Suite, Op. 14, Rumanian Folk Dances (1-6), "For Children" (Vol. 1 Nos. 4, 5, 10, 11, 14, 15, 22, 23, 31, 34, 35, 36, 40), "Mikrokosmos" (Vol. 5, Nos. 122, 124, 125, 126, 128, 130, 131, 133, 135, 138, and 139; Vol. 6, Nos. 140, 141, 142, 143, and 146). George Solchany, piano. Angel 45015, $3.98. | As well as being an able pianist, Solchany has a strong feeling for the composer's folk idiom, as he shows in his skilful, well-phrased playing of the Rumanian dances. The suite is also a worthy work, well-performed. Both complexes of short pieces have their interests, but the swift-shifting emphases make more for distraction than for interest. Between them, the pieces in the "Pour les Enfants" sequences are more consistently self-sufficient. Good piano sound. |
| Brahms: Quartet in A. Joerg Demus, piano, wih members of the Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN 18677, $3.98. | High minded intentions abound in this performance, and on the part of Demus, a fair share of the physical skills desired. The best of the Barylli's performance has been associated with works in which suavity is a more crucial factor than incisiveness, a distinction which leaves more than a little wanting in the present instance. Well-balanced reproduction. |
| Cimarosa: Sonatas (Nos. 1-32). Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. Westminster XWN 18698, $3.98. | It is indeed not a misprint which identifies the number of works by Cimarosa on this disc as thirty-two, for they are on the average about two minutes in length. The obvious implication is also the inescapable one: they derive strongly from the example of D. Scarlatti, adding to his formal sense the other Domenico's aptitude in dramatic phraseology and operatic usage. Lacroix's admirable musicality makes all thirty-two instances listenable. |
| Kuhnau: Four Biblical Sonatas. Albert Fuller, harpsichord. Washington W-409, $4.98. | No student of musical history escapes the information that Kuhnau (Bach's predecessor as cantor of the Thomasschule) was an early exponent of program music, but few have had the present opportunity to evaluate the results for themselves. Included are such Biblical subjects as David and Goliath, Hezekiah, Gideon, and the death and burial of Jacob. There are some absorbing intimations of the kind of great writing which produced the greater writing of Bach, plus an indication that many devices of later illustrative music—tremolandos, arpeggios, changes of mode—were well known to Kuhnau. C. Ray Smith introduces each section of the several works with a verbal subtitle, a dubious procedure considering the thorough annotation by the able performer himself. Fine reproduction. |
| Milhaud: Saudades do Brasil, Bloch: Baal Shem, Ravel: Kaddisch, Bartok: "Rhapsody No. 2," Rumanian Folk Dances" 1-6. Eudice Shapiro, violin, with Ralph Berkowitz, piano. Vanguard VRS 1023, $4.98. | When the dynamic level is not extreme and the style of performance is sustained, Miss Shapiro's highly sensitized sound makes for unfailing listening pleasure. She is also a musician of resource and an interpreter of warm, supple sympathies. These values accord well with the requirements of Milhaud and Ravel, though they leave her short of the power and incisiveness wanted in the works of Bloch and Bartok. Berkowitz is a fine partner at all times, the sound of the instruments reproduced with acute impartiality. |
| Roussel: Quartet in D. Ibert: Quartet in C. Parrenin Quartet. Westminster XWN 18659, $3.98. | The Roussel is five years (1932) older than the Ibert, but both share certain valuable traits of French composition—clarity of thought, directness of procedure, economy of statement, and a warming regard for durable musical values—without being in the least imitative. The compositional complexities are a challenge but no problem for the Parrenins, whose lustre increases as instances of their ability accumulate. Excellent quartet recording. |
| Schubert: Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Clifford Curzon, piano, with members of the Vienna Octet. London LL 3025, $3.98. | The combination of a favorite work with well-regarded performers may lead to anticipations of an unexceptionable performance, which is rather the case here. It is always thoughtful, painstaking playing, but also a bit calculated and self-conscious, without that free flowing impulse which is inseparable from first class reproduction of anything. The strings led by Willi Boskovsky tend to follow rather than share the pianist's initiative. I doubt that the double bass part has been better reproduced on any recording. |
| Schumann: Sonata in G minor, "Etudes Symphoniques," F sharp minor Romance. Gary Graffman, piano. RCA Victor LM 2190, $4.98. | Who can say what one's reaction to this disc might have been without the image associated with the name of Graffman? To it we match a competence for any technical demands, plus a tone quality more incisive than sonorous, an accentuation sharp rather than powerful. This matters least in the sonata, whose compositional continuity sustains the performance, especially in the slow movement which he plays beautifully. In the etudes, however, one is conscious of a striving for epigrammatic succinctness in the solution of whatever problem each presents, rather than a quest for the musical essence of the whole. He should, by now, take his technical accomplishment for granted and concentrate on musical ends. The sonata is better recorded than the "Etudes," where the piano sags from pitch before the end. |
| Schumann: "Waldszenen." Schubert: Moments Musicaux." Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London LL 1725, $3.98. | As in his Mozart, Backhaus's sound for Schumann and Schubert is over-generous for the needs of the music, but his perceptions are so keen, his artistry so congenial that the listener can learn much by making the necessary adjustments, mentally. Thus, the momentum of his Schumann and the strength of his Schubert, if excessive, are welcome correctives to contrary tendencies in others. Lively sound. |
| Strauss: "A Reverie." Otto Schulhof, piano. Vanguard VRS 1005, $4.98. | Not many have the opportunity to spend an hour with an excellent pianist who can recall, almost at will, the motives of some eighty Strauss works (father, son, and brother) in unassailable succession and with relevant spirit. Schulhof goes on—thanks to the miracle of tape—unfailingly from one to the other, articulating melodies, insinuating rhythmic patterns in a wholly captivating way. Sound sound. —I. K. |

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## THE AMEN CORNER

### Lee and Others

SINCE the death of the founding father of modern jazz, Charlie Parker, the alto saxophonist who has most interested me is Lee Konitz. The word "interested" may give off rather chilly overtones, but I do not mean them in this connection. I use the word deliberately, because Konitz *is* one of the most interesting jazz musicians—by which I wish to suggest that his inventive line, his melodic and harmonic turns, his rhythmic shifts, are constantly appealing to the mind while they delight the spirit. One of the simple musical games which any of us can play (and which I think, for our own pleasure and understanding, more of us should) is the attempt to guess, slightly ahead of time, where an unfamiliar musical line is heading. In this way one may often get a heightened sense of just how surprisingly inventive the better composers or improvisers can be.

The game is a natural to play with Konitz. He is a very original and often highly unpredictable man. And I also have the impression that over the past few years his playing has gained in emotion; his ingenuities are full of feeling. In his new album, "The Real Lee Konitz" (Atlantic 1273), he strikes me as a jazz player of the very first flight, sinuously graceful and strong. This is chamber music, with the beautifully limpid guitar of Billy Bauer, and the impeccable rhythms of Peter Ind, bass, and Dick Scott, drums. On two of the numbers there is also rich trumpeting from Don Ferrara. The numbers include Konitz originals together with such standards as "My Melancholy Baby" and "Sweet and Lovely," and they were recorded and edited in a way which might be recommended to some of the less selective record laboratories. The band was playing before a live audience, in a Pittsburgh café, and Konitz waxed only those sections of the tapes in which he felt that the soloists were in top form and the ensemble spirit was high.

Some of Frank Loesser's infectious music for the Broadway musical "The Most Happy Fella" has been given unusual jazz treatment by the quintet known as The Jazz Modes (Atlantic 1280), consisting of Julius Watkins, French horn; Charles Rouse, tenor sax; Gildo Mahones, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; and Ron Jefferson, drums. It should be said at once that Watkins's French horn in no way serves as a trick or novelty effect in this group. This is the horn excellently adapted to the modern jazz idiom, and if the classic difficulties in intoning the instrument are sometimes apparent, Watkins for the most part makes fine dulcet music both in part and solo playing, and may sometimes fairly be said to "toot that thing." Loesser's music, as arranged by Watkins and Mahones, is an engaging addition to the jazz repertory, and the ballad "My Heart Is So Full of You," with the wordless voice of Eileen Gilbert rising above the band, is a lovely sentimental bit.

In the piano department there are no less than three albums of "All Night Session!" with the Hampton Hawes Quartet (Contemporary C 3545, 3546, 3547). These represent some two hours of music recorded in a single continuous session. The advantage of this process might be a real working in and warming up, and indeed Hawes says himself: "The feeling wasn't like recording. We felt like we went somewhere to play for our own pleasure. After we got started, I didn't even think I was making records." Hawes has long been one of the most brilliant modern jazz pianists; on this long date his coruscation is less obvious than his warmth, solidity and, heaven knows, variety. He plays blues, ballads, standards, modern jazz compositions, and everything is given time to burgeon—on all six sides there are only sixteen numbers (the shortest is five minutes and forty-one seconds of Dizzy Gillespie's "Woody'n You"). The assisting players are Jim Hall, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; and Bruz Freeman, drums.

The pianist Mose Allison, whose fetching Mississippi manner cannot disguise—nor is it intended to—his very discreet modernism, offers a charming excursion through such items as "Bye Bye Blues," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and "Sleepy Time Gal." Sometimes he sings, once he plays the trumpet; Addison Farmer is at the bass and Nick Stabulas at the drums. Allison is a kind of Hoagy Carmichael of the late 1950s; anyone who ever enjoyed the latter in his Indiana fraternity-house strain should appreciate the younger man (Prestige 7137).

—WILDER HOBSON.


*audiofacts

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# Tapes in Review

## "Israel" Unreeled

HANDEL: *"Israel in Egypt." Part I. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony, the combined choruses of the University of Utah, and soloists.* Westminster-Sonotape SWB-8031. $11.95.
*"Israel in Egypt." Part II. The same.* Westminster-Sonotape SWB-9008. $17.95.

**WHETHER THEIR** attentiveness to "Messiah" has diverted recording companies from Handel's lesser known oratorios, or whether its growing favor has stimulated an occasional nod at a sister work is hard to say. Of these, in any case, only "Israel in Egypt" can boast more than a single recording. Reasons for its relative popularity are plain to see in a score that embodies not only some magnificent choral writing but the dramatic keenness of a composer who, whatever the form in which he wrote, was first and always a man of the theatre.

For the work's initial release Westminster has accommodated its two parts to two reels by eliminating whatever passages Handel, following the custom of his time, unblushingly cribbed from various precursors, but it has retained those portions, whether by others or from his own works, that he altered substantially in adaptation. Thus the chorus, "Egypt was glad," is among the respected apocrypha, but there remain intriguing allusions to other Handelia, as, for instance, a cascading figure from the "Water Music" which perfectly serves the oratorio's "hailstone" chorus.

Much of the emotional grandeur of "Israel in Egypt" derives from the powerful rhetoric of the Old Testament, a dramatic coinage already so much larger than lifesize that Handel sought only to invoke it directly. In the oratorio's first part, which deals with the oppression of the Israelites and the plagues visited upon Egypt, the single and double choruses graphically conjure up the ravaging locusts, the smiting of the firstborn, the drying up of the Red Sea, and a darkness "so thick it might be felt." The less programmatic second part is virtually a chain of praise alternated between the choruses and the soloists, but here also one finds vivid dramatic devices, as in the tremendous choral strophes of "The people shall hear," in which the musical fabric seems literally to dissolve at the phrase "shall melt away."

The present performance does the well-rehearsed Utah forces much credit. The choristers are vocally pliant, warm toned, keenly alive to their dramatic task, and the soloists (Blanche Christensen, Colleen Bischoff, sopranos; Grace Bumbry, alto; Dale Blackburn, tenor; Don Watts, Warren Wood, bass) sing with reliable vocalism and good enunciation, although the coloratura figurations prove a bit troublesome.

Balance on the whole, has been carefully maintained and the continuo passages of organ (Alexander Schreiner) and harpsichord (Ardeen Watts) are well incorporated. Orchestral voices tend to be obscured, and the air for tenor has been ineffectually microphoned, but in general the sound quality is good.

## "Capriccio" Südwestdeutsch

STRAVINSKY: *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra. Charlotte Zelka, piano, with the Southwest German Radio Orchestra conducted by Harold Byrns.* Phonotapes stereophonic S-714. $11.95.

**IF THIS IS** scarcely Stravinsky at his greatest, it is Stravinsky at his most ingratiating. And for all its seeming caprice, it is Stravinsky, moreover, at his most purposeful. The keenly calculated effect is one of facile brilliance, as becomes a work designed to dazzle rather than to charm, and it is indebted to whatever tricks of the concert trade he chose to adapt to his own blithe ends.

Written in 1929, the work is here performed in the composer's own revision of 1949, although as with many of his pieces, this seems to have been more a matter of copyright protection than of altered musical convictions. The later version, in any case, vividly exhibits the more glittering potentials of both piano and orchestra, for which it has the services of a conductor and a pianist wholly sympathetic to its cause.

Abravanel—"well-rehearsed."

Miss Zelka's supple and fleet pianism evokes the showy keyboard passages with exhilarating sparkle and spontaneity. Byrns again proves himself to be a perceptive conductor, with a sure feeling for the complex rhythms and clean tonalities of modern music. Throughout, he moves the performance confidently forward, sustaining the music's transparent brilliance along with a balanced interplay of orchestra and keyboard. A clean, live recording contributes to the invigorating effect.

## Mozart by Barrows

MOZART: *Quintet for Horn and Strings, in E Flat, K. 407. The Fine Arts Quartet and John Barrows, French horn. Quartet in F for Oboe and Strings, K. 370. The same, Ray Still, oboe.* Concertapes stereo 24-10. $11.95.

**THE DISTINCTIVE** timbres of French horn and oboe respectively augment the able strings of the Fine Arts Quartet in this congenial bracketing. The horn's considerable role in the Quintet is complemented by a string tone given darker shading through Mozart's doubling of the violas. Although the horn passages, written for the virtuoso, Leutgeb, are no breeze for any performer, they are sustained in their difficulty by the surrounding musical tissue, the chamber character of the whole providing a kind of proving ground for the more demanding horn concerti Mozart was to compose for his friend. Barrows negotiates them capably enough, although with some tentativeness.

The "Oboe" Quartet is more homogeneously turned out, the texture firmer, the playing of the ensemble more assured. The Fine Arts group plays skillfully, and its members (Leonard Sorkin, Abram Loft, violins; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Sopkin, cello) have been performing together long enough to have achieved an easy sense of ensemble. Oboist Ray Still brings considerable efficiency to his own role, the nasal timbre of his instrument contrasting with the strings in a fluent exchange that moves the music smoothly along. An excellent recording cleanly exposes the delicate instrumental relationships.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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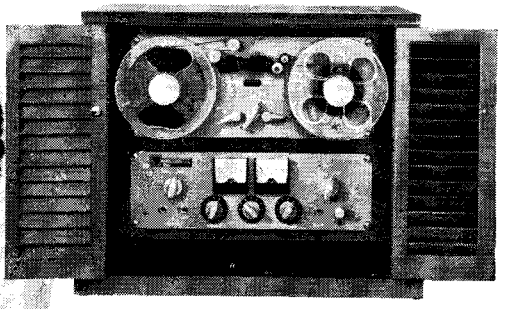

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# Recordings Reports—Pre-recorded Tapes

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Louis Fourestier conducting the Cento Soli Orchestra of Paris. Omega-tape ST-3013. $14.95. | Fourestier's well-organized approach presents this headstrong work's finer qualities while minimizing its weaknesses in as musicianly an exposition as one could ask. Under his controlled contouring the diverse episodes assume a convincing relationship, while the orchestra's sweet, rather light string tone adds to the refinement of an approach that is essentially French. A rather low level recording lacks the brilliance of Columbia's tape (OMB-6) with Mitropoulos, but the performance is better integrated. |
| Chopin: Polonaise in A Flat, Nocturne in E, etc. (orchestra transcription). Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Capitol ZF-50, $14.95. | How successfully Chopin's piano pieces can be transcribed for orchestra had best be left out of the present consideration. In this instance they have undergone such metamorphosis, to emerge with their melodic line whole-heartedly endorsed by the Hollywood Bowl strings. Dragon's conducting is attentive to the glossy result of his own arrangements, and what brief references to the keyboard remain are in the able hands of Emanuel Bay. As in the disc (Capitol P-8371), sound is very good. |
| Fiesta in Hi-Fi. McBride: "Mexican Rhapsody;" Nelson: "Savannah River Holiday;" Mitchell: "Shivaree." Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman Rochester Symphony. Mercury MAS5-28. $12.95. | A brilliant recording has been thanklessly lavished upon these three contemporary pieces, each of which, at least in this performance, appears similarly amorphous in character. Hanson's conducting does nothing to suggest that they contain any dynamic markings other than *ff*, and the desperate pace makes no provision for expressive modelling. To compound this further, the orchestral tone sounds raw and forced. Scarcely worth a stereo premium, unless brilliance is all that matters. |
| Glinka: "Jota Aragonesa." Lara: "Granada," etc. Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-51. $14.95. | Although his treatment is distinguished by vivacity rather than finesse, the gusto Dragon brings to these ten pieces is mostly well invested. The Spanish rhythms which give the album (as well as its disced counterpart) the title of "Fiesta!" are engagingly patent in such items as "Jamaican Rumba" (sic). "Las Chiapanecas," "Maids of Cadiz," "Chanson Bohème" and "La Golondrina." Dragon's own arrangements of several items are not particularly distinguished, but all are pleasantly performed. Recording is outstanding for clarity and definition. |
| Liszt: "Les Preludes." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7037. $6.95. | Liszt's scoring allows Scherchen to exploit the lush Vienna strings and he does it with all stops out. The melodic line, in consequence, is grandly swooning, but the performance is detailed as well as expansive. As usual, a strong personal viewpoint characterizes his approach, but in this case it serves the music's pretensions very well. The tape, unfortunately, is slightly muddy on the highs. |
| Ravel: "Ma Mère l'Oye." Chabrier: "Bourrée Fantasque." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MS5-22. $8.95. | These are the better known pieces from Mercury's more inclusive discing of four French composers (50145). The Detroit ensemble lacks a little in finesse for this music, although Paray's own qualifications make one regret that only two short pieces are contained on the present tape. Lucidity and an intuitive feeling for its elements of make-believe characterize Paray's statement of the Ravel work, but for all this the more obvious Chabrier score, performed in the Mottl orchestration, comes off better. Mercury's engineers, as usual, make the most of every enhancing factor. |
| Smetana: Overture, "Furiant," "Dance of the Comedians." ("The Bartered Bride"). Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7038. $6.95. | Scherchen follows his own convictions with regard to tempi and accent but nonetheless achieves an exciting performance of these robust excerpts. The rhythmic and colorful score, rousingly set forth, emerges on stereo with no loss of tonal brilliance or musical high spirits. Sound quality is good, the tape clean and resonant. |
| Spohr: Nonette in F. The Fine Arts Quartet and New York Woodwind Quintet, with Harold Siegel, double-bass. Concertapes 24-9. $11.95. | Two extremely able groups pool their talents in a musicianly performance of this charming work by a composer whose substantial creative output is today almost wholly neglected. The Nonette suggests that this is a pity, for whatever the corpus of his writings may lack in inventive resource, individual works such as this one have the validating grace of melody and form. Sound is appropriately open, the interplay of strings and woodwinds cleanly conveyed by a quiet, well-processed tape. |
| "Stolen Hours," with Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra. Capitol ZC-18. $11.95. | Creamy arrangements of eleven romantic melodies, for which a choir of nine French horns reinforces the sound of strings and woodwinds. "Sophisticated Lady," "Sweet Leilani," "I Live Alone," "Moonlight on the Ganges" and "When Your Lover Has Gone" are among the dreamily purveyed items, with "Bruce's Blues" providing brief up-tempo contrast. Everything has a satin finish, the rich, open sound of the horns lending the musical settings an unusually pleasant cast. |
| Strauss: Suite from "Der Rosenkavalier" (arr. Dorati). Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MAS 5-23. $9.95. | Any disappointment at the lack of prominence given the famous waltzes should be assuaged by Dorati's more encompassing arrangement, which highlights the opera's entire story line in orchestral episodes dramatically contrasted and smoothly linked. Amid these the exquisite waltz sequence takes its due place, along with the Silver Rose music, the love duets, the climaxing imbroglio, and the transcendent trio. Some values of sentiment are sacrificed enroute, but Dorati and the orchestra do well by the music's surge and glitter. Especially brilliant sound, although the tape does not have the disc's overside bonus of "Till Eulenspiegel" (Mercury 50099). |
| Tchaikovsky: "1812 Overture." Von Suppé: "Light Cavalry Overture," etc. Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-36. $14.95. | Better contrasts might profitably replace some of the intensity with which these overtures are purveyed, inasmuch as the more rousing passages become rather irritatingly insistent. The orchestra sounds hard-driven and the unimaginative treatment produces an effect more coarse than brilliant. "Poet and Peasant" and the "William Tell" overture complete the album, which is also on disc (Capitol P-8380). Both versions are well recorded but the tape, in this case, scarcely seems worth a price differential. |
| Waldteufel: "Estudiantina." Strauss: "Wine, Women and Song." Armando Aliberti conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7039. $6.95. | These two ingratiating pieces by contemporaneous 19th Century waltz merchants have each a distinct character, Waldteufel's sprightlier French impulse furnishing agreeable contrast to Strauss's more languishing Viennese rhythms. Aliberti conducts both with impartial gusto and the orchestra performs in its usual admirable fashion. Good sound. —M. N. |

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# THE OTHER SIDE

## GALA VERDI AT COVENT GARDEN. SD BY PYE

LONDON.

MAY 1958 will in years to come be remembered by musical London because it brought us the outstanding operatic production seen at Covent Garden for a generation. The centenary celebrations of the Royal Opera House are still in full swing—yet to come are a Royal Gala performance, "Traviata" with Callas, "Aida" with Cerquetti, as well as revivals of "The Trojans" and "The Mastersingers." But none of these events, however glittering, is likely to equal, let alone eclipse, the glory of "Don Carlo." Here was Grand Opera which really lived up to its title, a feast for eye and ear. For this remarkable achievement the principal credit belongs to the management, which must have decided to give us the best regardless of expense, and to two artists of genius who labored in complete harmony: producer-designer Luchino Visconti and conductor Carlo-Maria Giulini.

In Italy, Visconti is renowned as a director of films as well as opera; the seven sets which he designed for "Don Carlo" were strictly realistic but of breathtaking beauty and splendor, incredibly spacious thanks to the most imaginative use of perspective and always perfectly attuned to the musico-dramatic requirements of the particular scene. Costumes, lighting, and direction never struck a single false note, thanks to Visconti's perfect rapport with the conductor. We have had occasion to admire Giulini's work before now, in the Columbia-Angel set of "L'Italiana in Algeri" and in his "Falstaff" performances at the 1955 Edinburgh Festival, but what he achieved with this wonderfully rich, if uneven Verdi score was nothing short of a revelation.

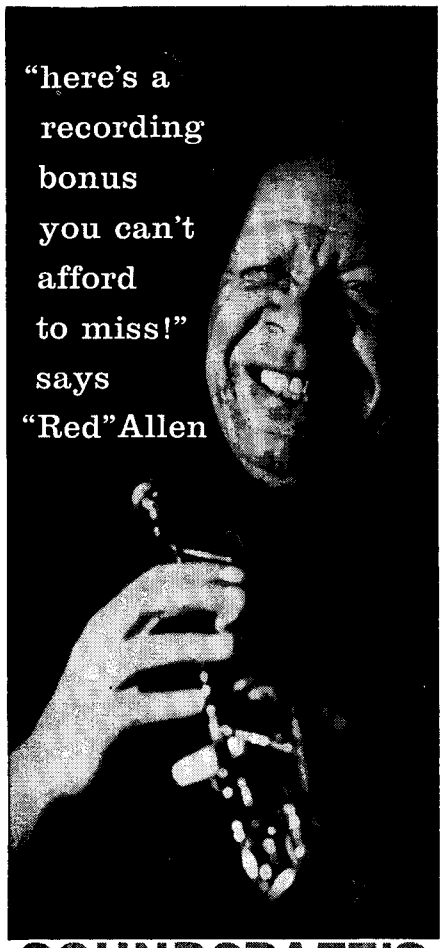
On the stage we had a cast as good as anyone can hope to assemble nowadays, with our young Canadian *primo tenore*, Jon Vickers, surpassing even his Aeneas in the title-role. The remaining principals were imported for the occasion, though Gré Brouwenstijn, the beautifully lyrical and touching Elisabetta, has been a frequent and well-loved visitor to Covent Garden during the Kubelik regime. Barbieri proved least satisfactory, for Eboli needs a voice of nobler timbre and one which can encompass the entire range of "O don fatale" (in which she shirked her top notes); yet, while her tone was frequently coarse, she left her mark upon the performance.

Boris Christoff's study of the King proved a most telling portrayal. Giulio Neri had been engaged for the Grand Inquisitor, but he died a few weeks before he was due here and the role had consequently to be shared by Marco Stefanoni and Michael Langdon. But the outstanding performance on the stage proved to be the Rodrigo of Tito Gobbi, who sang in flawless style and acted the far-from-easy part to perfection.

The new era in recorded music has finally commenced. A few days ago Pye released the first stereophonic discs to appear on the British market. Just how good these are will be difficult to assess until we have some first-class pick-ups whose performance can be trusted; at the time of writing we are still confined to the Ronette crystal cartridge which, though recommended by Pye, seems a little restricted in range. But the records so far available are not especially impressive, indeed the orchestral discs by the Hallé under Barbirolli—Beethoven First and Eighth Symphonies, Dvorak No. 4 and "Scherzo Capriccioso," and a collection of "Favourite Overtures"—prove disappointing tonally and as performances. More satisfactory is a "Larry Adler Concert" in which the wizard of the harmonica performs, with orchestral support, such popular pieces as the "Rhapsody in Blue" and Ravel's "Bolero" in his own, inimitable fashion. Technically the best of Pye's achievements so far is a recording of the Festival Hall organ, featuring Ralph Downes in music by Bach and with the famous Widor Toccata added for good measure. Here the stereo effect is most telling, especially in the lovely variations on "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig."

A VARIED EMI assortment includes another splendid Fischer-Dieskau recital: it is entirely devoted to Brahms Lieder and Karl Engel proves a worthy partner for the distinguished baritone. Orff addicts will no doubt be delighted to add "Der Mond" to their collections, for it is superbly performed under Sawallisch by a cast which includes Hans Hotter (St. Peter) and Rudolf Christ (narrator), while the recording is nothing if not hi-fi.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.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# ADAPTING FOR STEREO

By ROBERT G. BACH

THE arrival of stereo on discs poses the question of converting existing single channel high-fidelity systems to this new two-channel system, either as a present concern or a consideration for the future. No one article can possibly answer the myriad questions that will arise, but several basic technical facts can be clarified, so that each individual can see his own road ahead. Let us take them one at a time, from the pickup to the speaker.

Stereo cartridges are complex refinements of their monaural counterparts and as such deserve serious thought. They must now perform the unusually difficult task of simultaneously following the intricate side-to-side motion of the groove as well as the rugged up-and-down motion. All this must be done over a wide frequency range with full separation of the channels. Therefore high vertical as well as lateral compliance is a must in a stereo cartridge. There are two groups of cartridges to choose from: the ceramic (Ronette, Electro-Voice, etc.) and the magnetic (Fairchild, Pickering, Stereotwin, etc.) with the magnetic types preferable and generally more expensive. (The ceramics have the virtue of not requiring a pre-amplifier.) As with monaural cartridges, there are variations within this group, so that we have a choice of the variable reluctance, moving coil and moving magnet types of construction. All are designed to physically fit the average record changer arm; however it is preferable that they be used in a transcription type tone arm so that the stylus pressure may be kept below four grams. This is not often easily accomplished in most changer arms, where the arm must also perform as a link in the mechanical change cycle. If the arm itself is suitable, it is relatively easy to thread the additional pick-up leads to the pre-amp or amplifier. Several manufacturers already offer a service to convert their monaural arms to stereo at a nominal cost and more will doubtless follow. Regardless of the type of cartridge you select, it will pay to keep a stylus pressure gauge handy so that you check the pressure occasionally. Excessive stylus pressure will quickly wear the vertical component of the groove and cause distortion as well as severe record wear.

Greater importance must now be given to turntables or changers with a minimum of rumble. Rumble has always been a mechanical problem with disc reproduction. Inasmuch as the stereo cartridge reproduces output both vertically and laterally it is going to reproduce mechanical noises from either source. It is interesting to note in this respect that mechanical vibrations in the vertical plane have heretofore been overlooked by almost all manufacturers since the only interest was in lateral motion. It now becomes essential that this information be made available for the evaluation of competitive products.

The claims of some manufacturers that their pickup has "no rumble" is factually correct since pickups do not have rumble. It is the turntable that has rumble and it is the turntable that must eliminate it—not the cartridge. If the cartridge does not reproduce low frequencies it is not, of course, going to reproduce the rumble frequencies, but this is not in the interests of the best sound.

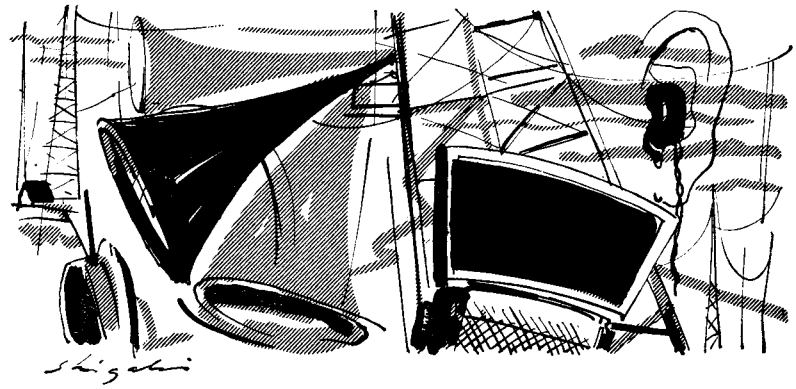
The electronics of the audio system for stereo require duplication, providing numerous possibilities for experimentation. If you already have a preamplifier and power amplifier (single or combined) you can readily add twin units plus a stereo adapter or mixer (Scott, Bogen, Dynakit, etc.). For those starting from scratch there are several new and excellent stereo preamplifiers (Pilot, Fairchild, Scott) which can be used to feed two basic power amplifiers. A number of one-chassis complete stereo preamplifier/amplifiers are now reaching the market but some of them may represent a compromise with quality in the interest of price advantage.

If, for example, we received good value in a monaural preamplifier/amplifier for $99.50 are we not fooling ourselves to believe that a $119.50 stereo unit is going to bring us twice the value in quality, versatility, and performance? Despite many enticing claims the fact still remains that the important characteristics of all stereo equipment are the same as for monaural equipment—except that in most instances stereo should be of better, rather than cheaper, quality.

If your installation now has a fine, expensive speaker system the thought of duplicating this one component may present a financial as well as a physical problem. Where the existing speaker is a corner unit it may be impossible to find a second corner. Theoretically, the second speaker should be as close in quality and performance to the first speaker as possible in order to obtain a reasonably balanced sound. However, several manufacturers have produced variations on this theme by either offering small, compact full range systems (AR and KLH are typical) or by utilizing one's present speaker for the low frequencies and feeding the mid and high frequencies to a smaller, less expensive second speaker.

BECAUSE the ear cannot accurately determine the direction of frequencies below 400 cycles such a system may provide a possible (and popular) solution. The Stephens Stereodot system takes this one step further by offering a so-called three channel speaker system in which all of the bass from both amplifiers is fed through a filter system to the center (your present) speaker. Portions of the midrange and highs are mixed by the filter system to recreate the second channel which are fed to two extremely small speakers placed on either side of the room. The loudness and character of the second channel controls the degree of "spread" and can be adjusted to give unusually realistic results in most any room. Since the two side speakers do not have to reproduce bass notes they can be both compact and inexpensive.

With the summer months providing opportunity for an evaluation of market requirements, arrival of fall should see many common problems assessed and answered by reliable products



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# RUSSIAN NOVELTIES

1. ARMEN TIGRANIAN: *"Anush." An Opera in Five Acts.* OPW 1302, Westminster. *"David—Beg." An Opera in Three Acts.* Westminster OPW 1203. *Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of the Armenian State Theatre. Conducted by Mikhail Tavrizian. Sung in Armenian.*

**THESE TWO OPERAS,** I fear, will not kindle any general interest, but will remain collector's items, pleasing the composers' compatriots, the Armenians. For from a musical point of view they offer very little, not even authentic folk melodies. As it is, there is almost not a single tune in either work one would feel like singing, although both abound in "arias." It is also interesting that these scores show more Italian influence than Russian—one would have expected the latter because of Russia's geographical proximity and the composer's education.

Armen Tigranian was born in 1879 in Alexandropol (now Leninkan) and received his musical training in Tiflis. He was about thirty when he started his first opera, "Anush." It was performed at Tiflis in 1912, but Tigranian has been making continual changes in the score during the following twenty-five odd years. Not knowing the original version it is impossible to say whether this devoted labor has improved the work. The story, by Havhannes Toumanian, does have a rather unusual plot. It revolves around a highly moral principle, to understand which it is necessary to know about wrestling in Armenia: the opponents are not allowed to floor each other; the game must end in a draw.

But Saro, to show off his prowess to his fiancée Anush, throws her brother, with whom he was wrestling, to the ground. Mosi is humiliated and "only the blood of the profaner can pay for the disgrace." Naturally, Mosi murders Saro, Anush loses her mind and throws herself off the cliff, and the chorus sings a dirge for the young lovers. Everything is as could be expected. In this respect I must admit the influence is more Russian than Italian. The plot is even gloomier than that of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Tsar's Bride"—". . . all murdered."

Still, "Anush" is more interesting than "David-Beg," another opera which Tigranian completed only a few years before his death in 1950. "David-Beg" is one of those pompous national works full of patriotism and hero worship. Written at a time when the use of folklore was imperative for the composer's personal survival, the opera has indeed a national Armenian flavor. But that is all. There is still not enough musical material to hold one's attention, that is, of course, while listening to records without the benefit of the stage action. Somehow I do not doubt that Aram Khachaturian would have done a better job with either libretto. He certainly would have had a chance to compose another "Sabre Dance." In all fairness, however, I must compliment the performers, who have well trained voices and sing with that fervor which can stem only from an ardent faith in a composition.

2. RAKOV: *Violin Concerto in E Minor. Igor Oistrakh—Violin. State Radio Orchestra of the USSR. Conducted by Nikolay Rakov.* Westminster XWN 18508.

**NIKOLAY RAKOV,** a prolific writer of both popular and serious music, is another composer who enjoys popularity in the USSR, but is still unknown to us. Born in 1908, he was educated at the Moscow Conservatory, where he was Gliere's pupil. Igor Oistrakh's recording introduces him to Western audiences. There is nothing folksy about this violin concerto. In fact, except for the last movement, there is nothing Russian about it. It is an unpretentious, orthodox, lyrical violin piece and perhaps because of that extremely dull. Young Oistrakh plays it as well as his father, to whom it was dedicated, would. If this work is typical of Rakov's compositions, it is no wonder that he has not made a name for himself outside of Russia.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

—*Sovfoto.*

Tigranian.


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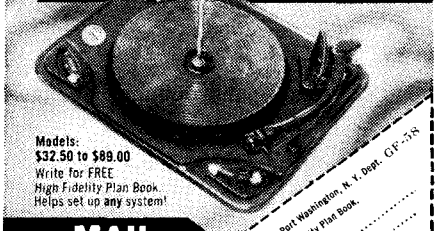

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## LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

### THEY'RE PLAYING OUR MAGAZINE

I WOULD LIKE to say that *SR* was largely responsible for my marriage (not that I object).

My husband and I encountered one another some three years ago glossing over the record section while having lunch—one thing led to another, namely this request for single rather than duplicate issues. Much of this and *SR* will put marriage counselors out of business.

MRS. DUANE R. WEEKS.
Fresno, Calif.

### BOOST FOR BRAFF

FOR SOME TIME I have wanted to felicitate *SR* on its choice of Ruby Braff as reviewer of jazz recordings. I was afraid that his first appearance—in January—was sort of a guest-shot, and have been delighted to find his comments appearing in later issues. However, I would probably never have expressed my appreciation had it not been for the appearance of an epistle from a person named Sue Clark in which she reproached *SR* for allowing Mr. Braff to review modern jazz (not Dixieland) records.

Mr. Braff, as anyone who has ever heard him can attest, is *not* a Dixieland musician, but what matter? He is a working musician and a good one—possibly the best man on his instrument in the business today, with both the capacity to play and understand modern jazz. Certainly his imaginative and thoroughly modern inventions in partnership with the pianist Ellis Larkins better qualify him as a reviewer than, let us say, a non-musician who has only theories about jazz. The woods are full of these!

I consider Mr. Braff's reviews excellent—honest, forthright, intelligent, full of (jazz—real jazz!) musicianship, witty, and sometimes impressively pungent. He calls them as he hears them, and my only criticism is that he is sometimes kinder to his fellow-workers than I suspect he should be. However, if a track fails to move Mr. Braff he isn't afraid to say as much.

CHARLES T. BALCOFF.
Manila, Philippines.

### HOFMANN HURRY

I HAVE READ with great interest your fine articles about Josef Hofmann. I am concerned that further Hofmann performances have not been released by record companies since the Allegro disc of a year ago. However, *SR* readers might be interested to know that the writer received a very courteous letter from Decca last September saying, in response to a query, that some of Hofmann's performances on Brunswick 78s would almost certainly be re-released in the near future. (So far, however, no record has appeared). In his "In Quest of Hofmann" (*SR* July 27, 1957), Jan Holcman mentioned, among other Hofmann recordings, some piano rolls of the 1920s which were being dynamically corrected by Mr. Holcman by means of certain marks written on the musical scores by Hofmann.

This article raised several questions in my mind: (1) How many scores had Hofmann marked before his death in February 1957? (2) What is the fate of the unmarked performances? (3) Will *all* piano-roll recordings and privately recorded performances (*e.g.* the Chopin E minor Concerto) probably be issued by Allegro? Readers might like to know where to look for future releases since—as Mr. Chasins points out in "Speaking of Pianists"—"Today's record is tomorrow's collector's item." (4) If Victor and Columbia do not wish to issue the Hofmanns which they have in storage, could the masters be made available to another company (*e.g.* Allegro) for release? What would prevent this?

B. PRESTON CLARK.
Framingham Centre, Mass.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1266

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. A decoration. | 22 98 128 8 18 143 180 74 |
| B. Advertised fashions of years ago, intended to beguile the overweight (2 wds.). | 104 150 28 7 88 147 131 178 154 75 152 35 |
| C. Violating recognized standards of what is fitting. | 63 133 184 103 96 79 146 123 |
| D. Excessively remote for successful judging (3 wds.). | 167 136 83 188 117 11 121 70 164 |
| E. A pennant. | 53 2 66 135 171 |
| F. Military term for get on (as troops) an automotive vehicle. | 44 162 19 93 95 |
| G. Turkish delight. | 21 165 157 76 41 124 107 |
| H. Composite organism of fungus living symbiotically with an alga. | 119 5 56 31 176 100 |
| I. Respect. | 145 78 12 120 177 68 64 39 |
| J. Solicitation; allurement. | 29 126 89 49 138 179 42 91 55 14 |
| K. Commodities purveyed by public utilities companies (3 wds.). | 144 109 87 65 174 36 113 26 48 86 168 3 190 |
| L. Unstinted; extravagant. | 59 185 4 191 148 54 |
| M. Craving. | 99 108 116 77 81 127 40 183 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Threw overboard as a safety measure. | 9 110 1 85 80 52 151 30 134 101 |
| O. Receded. | 25 118 27 90 73 |
| P. Give fresh life to. | 166 169 114 84 32 17 153 62 |
| Q. Not containing iron. | 158 132 125 122 20 137 51 189 58 142 |
| R. A prison guard esp. over outdoor periods (2 wds.; slang). | 172 159 67 105 182 186 72 181 |
| S. Divine giantess of Teutonic myth, a sort of Fate. | 23 71 156 37 |
| T. One of the people "a man may not marry" acc'g to the Book of Common Prayer. | 129 111 46 170 187 141 173 92 43 10 33 |
| U. Tweedledum's reason for not being so very brave just before the battle with his twin. | 16 50 130 60 115 38 139 163 |
| V. In the old chemistry, an element which unites with others to form acids and bases; in modern botany, a thallogen. | 106 47 94 160 112 15 140 82 |
| W. Omar's apostrophized orb "that knows no wane" (4 wds.). | 102 161 57 61 155 69 97 13 45 149 6 34 24 175 192 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 N | 2 E | 3 K | ■ | 4 L | 5 H | 6 W | 7 B | 8 A | ■ | 9 N | 10 T | 11 D | 12 I | 13 W | 14 J | 15 V |
| 16 U | 17 P | 18 A | ■ | 19 F | 20 Q | 21 G | 22 A | 23 S | 24 W | 25 O | 26 K | ■ | 27 O | 28 B | ■ | 29 J |
| 30 N | 31 H | 32 P | 33 T | 34 W | 35 B | 36 K | 37 S | 38 U | 39 I | ■ | 40 M | 41 G | ■ | 42 J | 43 T | 44 F |
| ■ | 45 W | 46 T | 47 V | 48 K | 49 J | 50 U | 51 Q | 52 N | ■ | 53 E | 54 L | 55 J | ■ | 56 H | 57 W | 58 Q |
| 59 L | 60 U | ■ | 61 W | 62 P | 63 C | 64 I | 65 K | 66 E | 67 R | ■ | 68 I | 69 W | 70 D | 71 S | 72 R | 73 O |
| ■ | 74 A | 75 B | ■ | 76 G | 77 M | 78 I | 79 C | ■ | 80 N | 81 M | ■ | 82 V | 83 D | 84 P | ■ | 85 N |
| 86 K | ■ | 87 K | 88 B | 89 J | 90 O | ■ | 91 J | 92 T | ■ | 93 F | 94 V | ■ | 95 F | 96 C | ■ | 97 W |
| 98 A | ■ | 99 M | 100 H | 101 N | ■ | 102 W | 103 C | 104 B | ■ | 105 R | 106 V | 107 G | 108 M | 109 K | 110 N | 111 T |
| ■ | 112 V | 113 K | 114 P | 115 U | 116 M | 117 D | 118 O | 119 H | 120 I | ■ | 121 D | 122 Q | ■ | 123 C | 124 G | 125 Q |
| 126 J | 127 M | 128 A | 129 T | ■ | 130 U | ■ | 131 B | 132 Q | 133 C | 134 N | ■ | 135 E | 136 D | 137 Q | ■ | 138 J |
| 139 U | 140 V | 141 T | 142 Q | 143 A | 144 K | 145 I | 146 C | 147 B | ■ | 148 L | 149 W | 150 B | ■ | 151 N | 152 B | 153 P |
| ■ | 154 B | 155 W | ■ | 156 S | 157 G | 158 Q | ■ | 159 R | ■ | 160 V | 161 W | 162 F | 163 U | ■ | 164 D | 165 G |
| 166 P | ■ | 167 D | 168 K | 169 P | 170 T | 171 E | 172 R | ■ | 173 T | 174 K | 175 W | 176 H | 177 I | 178 B | ■ | 179 J |
| 180 A | 181 R | ■ | 182 R | 183 M | ■ | 184 C | 185 L | 186 R | 187 T | ■ | 188 D | 189 Q | 190 K | ■ | 191 L | 192 W |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.**



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